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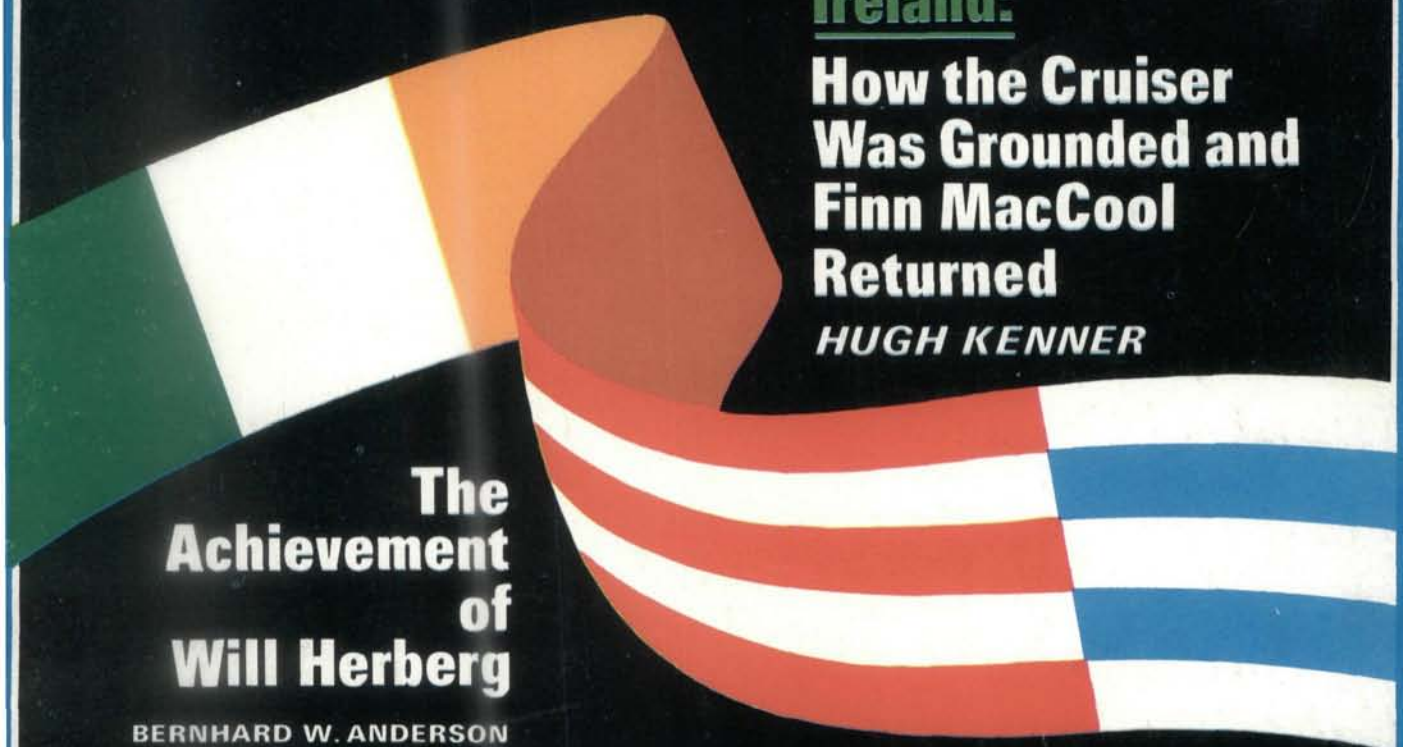
AUGUST 5, 1977

L. F. BUCKLEY JR.
USSELL KIRK ASK:
Ve All Conservatives Now?
see pp. 889, 904

NATIONAL REVIEW



Ireland:

How the Cruiser Was Grounded and Finn MacCool Returned

HUGH KENNER

The Achievement of Will Herberg

BERNHARD W. ANDERSON
LEWIS S. FEUER
NATHAN GLAZER
DONALD G. JONES
FRITZ A. ROTHSCHILD
SEYMOUR SIEGEL

Also In This Issue:

KEITH MANO MARCHES IN A GAY LIB PARADE ◆ WM. A. RUSHER REVIEWS 'IT DIDN'T START WITH WATERGATE' ◆ COLIN WELCH YAWNS OVER HA[illegible] OF BRITAIN'

M SMTH020E- 015 7716 - 3 30 -

MR E ROY SMITH
20 BELLE AIR RD
COLORADO SPGS CO 80906

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Brand M	18	1.1
Brand S Menthol	18	1.2
Brand S Menthol 100	18	1.2
Brand BH 100	18	1.0
Brand M Box	17	1.0
Brand K Menthol	17	1.4

Other cigarettes that call themselves low in "tar"

	tar mg./ cigarette	nicotine mg./ cigarette
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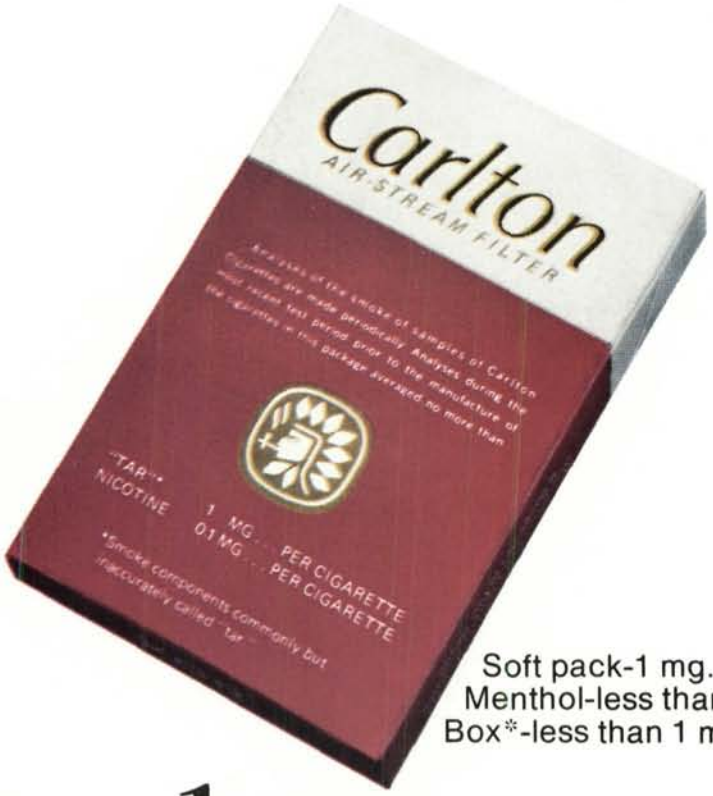
Brand M Lights	13	0.8
Brand D	13	0.9
Brand D Menthol	11	0.8
Brand V Menthol	11	0.7
Brand V	10	0.7
Brand M Menthol	8	0.5
Brand M	8	0.5
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than *1**	***0.1**

*Av. per cigarette by FTC method



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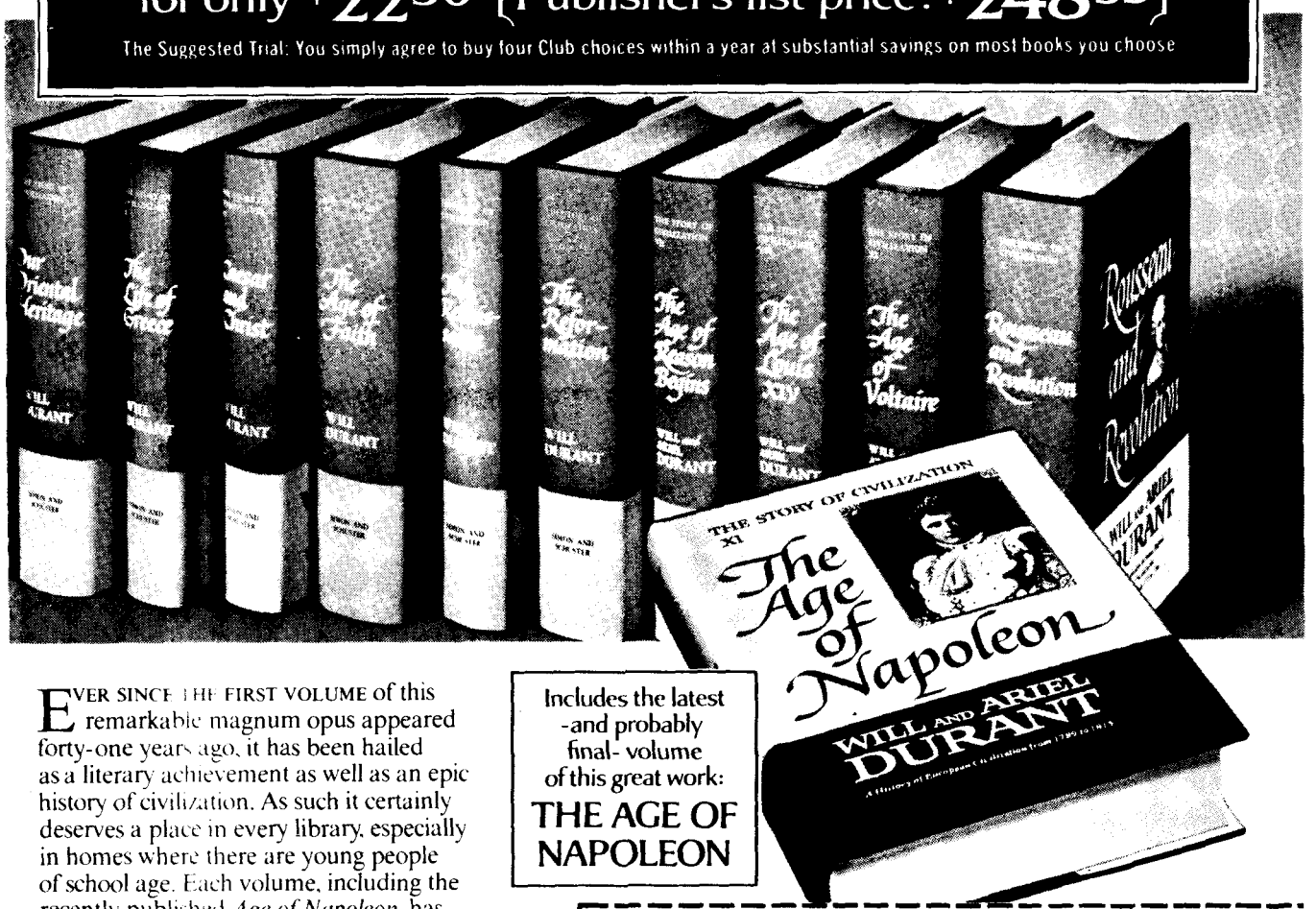

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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Will Herberg: A Tribute

880 The death of Will Herberg deprived men of the two faiths and many disciplines of a superb scholar, an inspiring teacher, and a great-hearted man. It is as doubtful that any man can fully assess him as it is certain that no man can replace him. Therefore we offer a sampling of appreciations, from several points of view, to suggest the magnitude of his legacy and our loss.

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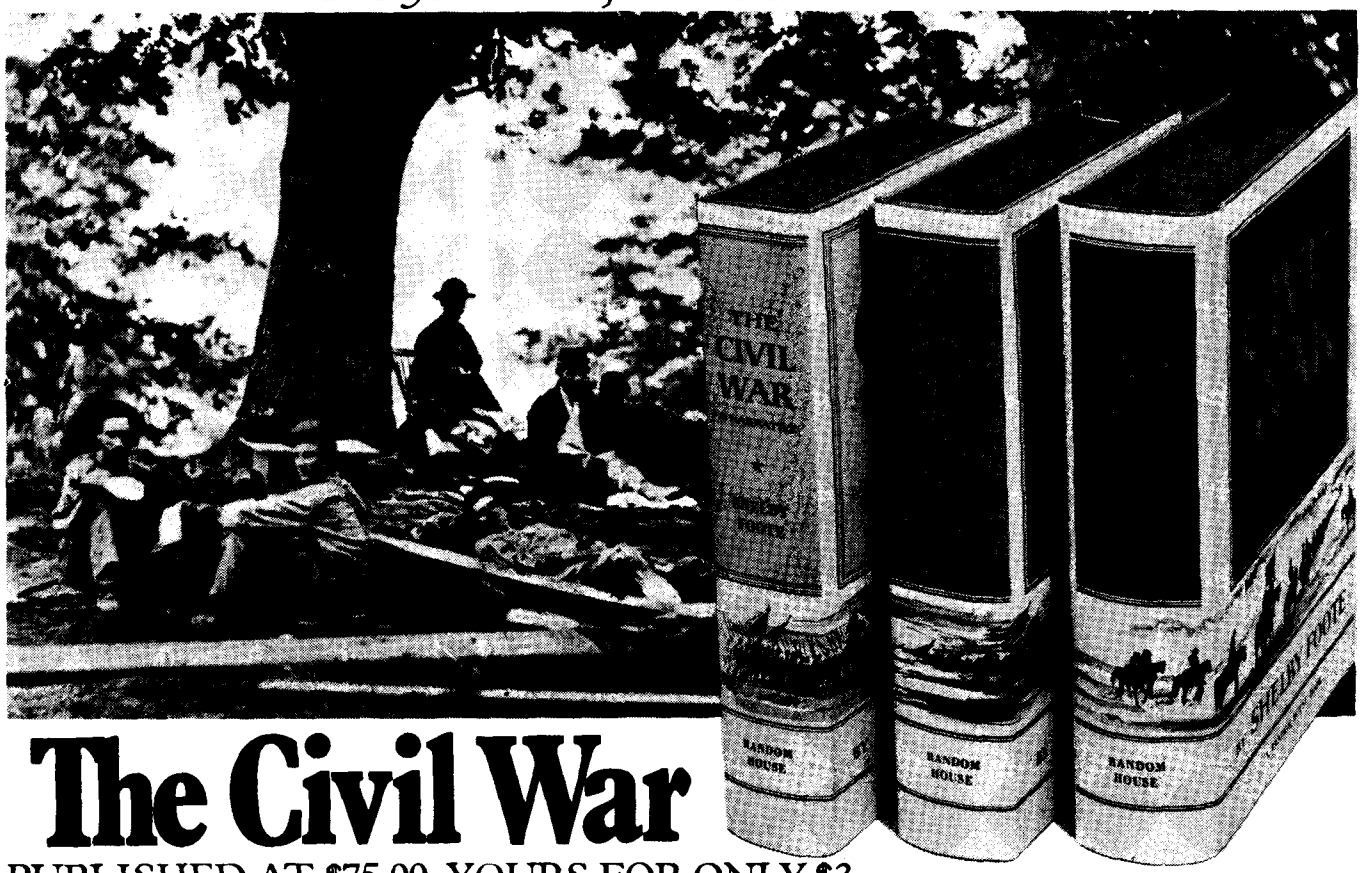
100 years later, the wounds still bleed.



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As the weary (Union) artillerymen passed silently out of the harbor, Confederate soldiers lining the beaches removed their caps in salute. There was no cheering.

–Volume I, Fort Sumter to Perryville.

Here the great Stonewall Jackson, accidentally wounded at Chancellorsville, gives his last orders:

He left the sentence unfinished, seeming has to have put the war behind him; for he smiled as he spoke his last words... "Let us cross the river," he said, "and rest under the shade of the trees."

–Volume II, Fredericksburg to Meridan.

And here a nameless foot soldier defies an order, during the Confederate retreat from Nashville:

"You go to hell – I've been there," the man replied, and kept on trudging southward in the rain. None among them had any way of knowing that the war's last great battle had been fought. All they knew was they wanted no more of it...

–Volume III, Red River to Appomattox.

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Letters

Wit in a Cold Climate

Hillel Butman's letter to his jailer ["Two Prisoners," July 22] brought to mind again a curious fact about Russian literature: not all Russian writers have a sense of humor, but the ones who do beat the rest of us hollow. It seems that wit in a cold climate is seared into irony—the process helped along, no doubt, by the pressurizing effect of political tyranny: "You are very lucky indeed," writes Mr. Butman: "you need have no fear of thieves. The administration has thoroughly enclosed your area with fences; it has enlisted athletic-looking young men from sun-scorched Central Asia and vigilant northern police dogs to guard your peace. Even thieves who can run as fast as a greyhound and jump like Bruner, the legendary Soviet athlete, will not be able to reach you. . . .

"It annoyed you to see that Comrade Corvalán [the Chilean Communist] had preserved not only his white shirt and light blue trousers, but also his hair. . . . But abandon these evil thoughts. Everybody knows today how good ultraviolet rays are for your health, and that it would be difficult for them to penetrate in the morning through your hair, through your mustache. The order that you be shaved took your health into consideration, the health you are so lightheartedly willing to squander."

On second thought, it's not the resilience of the Soviet prisoners that's so remarkable, but the strength of character of their jailers, who do not allow themselves to be shamed into deviating by an inch from the carefully thought out Orders of the Ministry of the Interior.

Cambridge, Mass. BOB TILLIARD

Super K and Columbia

While I agree with you that Henry Kissinger is entitled to teach at Columbia ["The Week," June 10], I take offense at your suggestion that the university is "an academic slum," both as a Columbia student and as a conservative.

Even if the petition-mongers' grossly exaggerated numbers were correct, they were still outnumbered by some 15 to 1. Those most concerned in the matter, the students in the School of International Affairs, were overwhelmingly in favor of Kissinger's proposed appointment, not out of a love for him or his policies, but because of what he had to offer as a former policymaker and as a noted scholar (I myself am no great fan of Henry's, to say the least). My professor in intro international politics asked for a show of hands to see what the class thought o the coming of "Super K." Only three ou of some sixty in the class raised thei paws in opposition. Now *that's* an indica tion of student sentiment at Columbia.

As for Professor Kesselman, the Poli tical Science Department's self-style Marxist, one should take his charge against Kissinger and our involvement i Vietnam as seriously as if they came fron Nikolai Podgorny (another loser). Kis singer, unfortunately, has turned dow President McGill's offer, understandabl surprised at the flack from such a voca minority. But powerful minorities hav altered the course of world history (not *the sixtieth anniversary of one such grou* this November), let alone denying peopl their right to teach. *NR*, however, doe little to help the situation by damning a entire institution for the actions of student faculty fringe groups.

Long Island City, N.Y. DION KEKATO

In Dubious Battle

Does it not seem that it is at least pos sible, if not probable, that all this toug talk about "human rights" ["Impendin Political Struggle," June 24], both i Washington and in Moscow, is designe to give the *appearance* of controversy; s that, at the next SALT talks, the Russian can appear to give in on some "huma rights" issue that will in reality cost then not a *thing* (for instance, letting thei Jews go where they will) in exchange fo some concession on our part that wil further increase their military superiority

Carter and the whole liberal establish ment could then crow here about thei "human rights" triumph, while pooh-pooh ing the military concession. The Russian would have a) shown themselves to b humanitarians, while b) becoming eve more ready to mow us down.

So what could they lose, or we gain

San Francisco, Calif. JOHN C. ROB

A Dime's Worth of Difference

Kenneth Clarkson's suggestion ["Th Week," June 10] that the manufacture list the cost of all the ingredients in hi products would be outrageously expensiv to implement.

For years now, I have been recommend ing to loyal friends who would not repor me to the authorities that all processer of materials, beginning with mining com panies and farmers, should be required t list on all invoices two items: 1) cost o labor plus non-tax overhead, and 2) al taxes paid directly or withheld from sal aries. Each processer in the chain leadin

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"If I know I'm right, I just have to fight"

Peggie Ann King is not a refugee from the Gulag Archipelago. She's a black American, aged 29, who lives with her husband and two small children in Hampton, Virginia.

But her basic rights have been violated. What happened to her could happen to you or someone you know right here in America.

On October 17, 1975, Peggie Ann King was fired from her job as a kitchen maintenance worker at Fort Monroe near Norfolk, Va., because she didn't want to join a union. Peggie Ann King was told she must join or be "terminated."

Mrs. King got the full "treatment"—ostracism, vile language, all the tricks bullies use wherever they are—in Russia or America.

But Peggie Ann King declined to join. The Union and the company were baffled. They didn't know what to make of this shy but determined young woman. Finally, the company president himself fired Peggie Ann King on the spot "without asking any questions."

Peggie Ann King had a choice—to go out and get another job, which she urgently needed, or take a stand for her basic human rights. She decided to fight back.

Attorney Steven Smith liked Mrs. King's grit but knew they didn't have the resources to battle a battery of high-priced union lawyers. He directed Mrs. King to the National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation. At the Foundation, Peggie Ann King found a sympathetic ear *and* practical help.

On April 1, 1976, a suit was filed in the U. S. District Court in Norfolk charging collusion between employer and union. It argues that Virginia's Right to Work Law (which allows non-union employment) is applicable to a federal installation like Fort Monroe.

Peggie Ann King is a blue-collar worker who now questions the excessive power of big labor. She wants to know why she should be fired because she doesn't choose to join a union. "I thought we were free to say no?" she asks.

Peggie Ann King was fortunate. She found help. But how many *other* Peggie Ann Kings are there in America who need similar help?

The National Right to Work Legal Defense Foundation will help them, if it can. Currently it is assisting workers in more than 75 cases across the country.

Peggie Ann King says quietly, "I don't want to hurt people. But if I know I'm right, I just have to fight."

If you'd like to help Peggie Ann King, and all the other Peggie Ann Kings in America, we'd like to hear from you.

For more information on how you can help Peggie Ann King and other workers, write:

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to the consumer would include in his tax figure the taxes passed on to him by previous processers. In our computer age, this could be done without pain.

I can see it now, an ad by my local automobile dealer: NEW 1977 LINCOLN CONTINENTALS ONLY $99.95 PLUS TAX!

Orange, Calif. RICHARD J. KULDA

F-18 v. F-14

Re "Sold to the Highest Bidder" [July 8], your political comment is correct but I believe some additional information should be provided. You state that the F-14 is expensive—true. So expensive that fewer aircraft are being procured. Back in "the Big One" (WWII) we had superior numbers but not necessarily superior quality, and who won? I understand the F-18 will cost less than half the price of an F-14 using the same accounting methods.

The F-14 the finest aircraft? No. The finest fighter-interceptor? Yes. It has not yet proven itself in an air-to-ground mission, which is what the Marines, who are currently utilizing their aging F-4 Phantoms, need it for. The F-18 is capable of both missions.

Now, who will get the F-18? The Navy fighter community will get some; the Marines more; and the Navy light attack community the most. The F-18 has a twin brother called the A-18. Over 95 per cent of the parts are common between the two, and the A-18 will replace the A-7. The F-18 will not replace the F-14, only round out the squadrons cut by spiraling F-14 costs.

The A-18 (F-18) is the answer to an attack pilot's dreams and also the prayers of the pilot's insurance company. For once our liberal pals in Congress have worked for us. How beautiful democracy is in action.

Orange Park, Fla. WM. M. MULHOLLAND
Lieutenant, USN

Brava!

Priscilla Buckley's brilliantly succinct tour of the châteaux of the Loire [June 10] evoked happy memories. Those preferring a slower pace, without driving, can see it all via one-day guided bus tours from Tours. In the course of a week we took three such trips and saw all the places she mentioned except Fontevrault and Ussé. The intervening days we spent wandering about historic Tours, which once was a place of pilgrimage to St. Martin's, comparable in importance to Lourdes today. Angers, reached by a 45-minute train ride, was worth a half-day visit.

Philadelphia, Pa. GEORGE H. SCHNELLER

Whose Choice?

The recent controversy over the use of saccharin is part of a much wider issue. Both sides argue about the reliability and significance of the facts provided by re-

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When Bill Buckley ran for mayor in 1965, the Fun City Establishment shuddered.

They needn't have. Buckley never had a chance. He made not a single deal, offered not a single payoff, downed not a single pizza or blintz.

Instead, he offered some unfashionable truths. New York was broke. New York was a jungle. New York was going down the drain.

The voters chuckled, and voted in John Lindsay. Voted him in twice. Then—hair of the dog that bit them—they voted in Abe Beame.

And, yes, New York went down the drain.

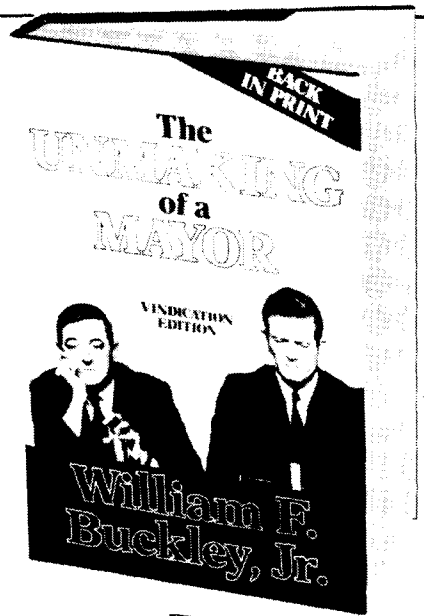
Soon after the election, Buckley took his revenge. He wrote the liveliest candidate's book since *W. C. Fields for President.* A decade later, it reads even better. The style and the wit remain, and hindsight vindicates the message. For those in other towns who want to avoid the fate of Fun City, the lessons are all here.

Fun City was never like this.

Too bad for Fun City.

THERE WAS NEVER SUCH A CAMPAIGN

- Poor Abe Beame. He ventured into the Abyssinian Baptist Church and received the kiss of death from Pastor Adam Clayton Powell Jr.: "Now we will elect a Jew as Mayor of New York City! If I don't get these Southerners, these Jews, these Catholics into office, how can I ever expect to be President of the United States?"
- Why did Buckley run? His candid reply breaks every rule in the campaign manuals.
- Fascinating exchange of letters in which "a renowned anti-Communist scholar" and Buckley dispute the wisdom of WFB's candidacy in terms of Republican unity. Another exchange of jabs between Buckley and Norman Mailer.
- Who-Cares-About-Truth Department, Lindsay Division: NBC offers JVL and WFB debating time. Lindsay declines. Buckley reports he declined. Lindsay denies it. Buckley produces the evidence for the press. From the press: cavernous silence.
- Buckley's brilliant sub-chapter on Lincoln — one of the finest things he's ever written. Lindsay had claimed Lincoln's mantle; Buckley, in a virtuoso performance, compares Honest Abe and his illegitimate heir.
- Why legalizing narcotics won't work.
- Buckley's neat assessment of the delicate relation between principle and prudence, between prudence and expediency.
- The *World-Telegram* floats a trial canard about Buckley's "extremist" supporters harassing Lindsay — and the author of the story later lands a job as Lindsay's press chief.
- Buckley's pre-election luncheon with Barry Goldwater (who was in top form, all wit and candor). Goldwater endorses Buckley. Why the Buckley team decided against using the endorsement.
- Why Buckley failed to get more votes from the debates: a frank self-analysis.
- The book's last, intriguing sentence: does it mean Buckley may again run for public office?



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The importance of timely harvesting to fine wines.

One of the most important times of the year for any winery is the harvest.

In order to make the best possible wine, we want to crush our grapes only at the very peak of their maturity. Experience, of course, tells us approximately when each varietal grape will reach that point, but it is important that we know precisely when the grapes will reach that critical point of maturity.

Field Tests

In order to determine that time, about three weeks before estimated maturity, our field men start to take samples of grapes from the vineyards for testing.

From representative rows of vines, about 200 individual grapes are collected. They are taken from both sides of the row—from the top of the vines, from the bottom, and from both the inside and the outside.

These individual grapes together make up one sample which our field man "juices" on the spot.

He then makes his own sugar test of the juice, puts it in a cold box and sends it to our laboratory for more exact sugar testing, plus acid and pH analyses.

Laboratory Analyses

Some wineries test only in the field, but we feel this is too crucial a time in the making of fine wines to not follow through with as much care as possible.

These on-going analyses are each presented to meetings of the winemaker and the field man for their judgments. They pinpoint the exact time of maturity—that important moment when the complex flavor characteristics of the grape are at their peak.

The Harvest Itself

From the results of these tests, our field men then schedule deliveries from our growers. Because of varying types of soil within a given vineyard certain areas may mature earlier. If the vineyard is a large one, these areas are picked first.

Usually an entire varietal crop is picked within a one to two week period, allowing for differing times of maturity.

Since we believe that, in order to capture the crop's optimum quality, grapes should be crushed within four hours after picking, all our grapes are scheduled for delivery to the winery within three hours of picking.

Final Inspection

When grapes are delivered to any winery, a State Inspector is standing by to check the sugar content and physical defects.

But what is most unusual is that at Gallo we have the winemaker—the man responsible for that particular wine—also standing by to check on quality.

We know of no other winery that does this.

Even though other knowledgeable people have passed a particular load of grapes, if the winemaker for any reason feels that they are not perfectly suited for his wines, he can, and does, reject them.

This is typical of all our efforts to make fine wines. We can never do, or care, too much.

In fact, everyone at the Gallo Vineyards adheres to the credo that has always been our guide: our aim in winemaking is to bring you the finest, highest quality wines our skills can possibly produce.

Gallo Vineyards, Modesto, California

cent research. In fact the real issue is whether, and to what extent, the use of saccharin should be regulated by law. Those on either side point to the great number of people who will be harmed if the ban is either accepted or rejected. In fact, there is no conflict of interest here except that caused by the prospect of government regulation. The public, now informed about the risks of saccharin use —and here is the government's proper function: to provide full and accurate information—should be able to choose whether they wish to assume that risk. There are those who choose to continue smoking and those who have chosen to quit in light of the overwhelming evidence of increased risk of cancer and heart disease. Does the government presume to know everyone's preferences better than they themselves do?

The reasons why government might regulate choice in such things is that 1) the government feels the people are unable to make wise decisions in their own behalf, or 2), conceding that people can make wise decisions, the government chooses to restrict the exercise of choice to that preferred by the government. As to the first, is it logically consistent that the government representatives who will protect the people from "unwise" decisions should be elected by the very people who are unable to choose wisely? As to the second, why should individuals have to plead before the government to save their own right to decide whether using saccharin is worth the risk to them? The imposition of government-mandated preferences through regulation is tyranny. Thus, there is *no* place in a democracy for government regulation restricting the individual's choice in such a matter.

Philadelphia, Pa. ROBERT J. DOYLE JR.

A Voice from the Thawed South

Re S. L. Varnado, "Eyes on the White House Lawn," April 29: Durn it! Are all your readers in the frozen North? I would point out to Mr. Varnado that a) Southerners I know have no misconception that Yankees speak the same language as people; and b) everyone is explaining Mr. Carter's cultural background, but who, please, has ever explained Yankees to us?

Hale Center, Tex. SAM ARCHER

Seeing and Believing

Asked if he believed in God, the late Carl Jung replied, "I don't believe. I know." In dismissing Hans Küng's belief in the resurrection of Jesus Christ and insisting on the sort of knowledge that would satisfy Rudolf Augstein, Malachi Martin ["Fish or Cut Bait," April 1] ranges himself with the Gnostics, who insist that nothing but knowledge will do, against the believers, who admit that faith is all we can have. Or at best, he requires as

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precondition for faith that which renders faith superfluous, and thus he joins the "little ones," for whom he is so solicitous, in their most simple-minded error.

A quote from Hans Küng's discussion of the resurrection may be in order: "[the resurrection] . . . cannot be a merely fictitious or imaginary but in the most profound sense a *real* event. What happened is not nothing. But what happened bursts through and goes beyond the bounds of history. It is a transcendental happening out of human death into the all-embracing dimension of God. Resurrection involves a completely new mode of existence in God's wholly different mode of existence, conveyed visually and in need of interpretation. The fact that God intervenes at the point where everything is at an end from the human point of view, this —despite the maintenance of natural laws —is the true miracle of the resurrection: the miracle of the beginning of a new life out of death. It is not an object of historical knowledge, but certainly a call and an offer to faith, which alone can get at the reality of the person raised up."

New York, N.Y. JOHN A. MILES JR.

Who Pays?

Letter writer Roger Barris ["Letters," May 27] complained that "Mr. van den Haag supports the essential contradiction of the Republican Party; that is, it claims to believe in liberty, yet this belief manifests itself only in economic areas, not social ones."

I have always understood that the economic area is but a part of the social area. Is Mr. Barris suggesting that they are separable entities? Probably so; the Democrats have always ignored a) how their utopian social schemes are to be paid for and b) their inevitable bad effects on the economy.

Sequim, Wash. DONALD L. STETSON

Cost of Survival

M. Stanton Evans' review [March 4] of the literature on national health insurance reiterates the familiar conservative caveat regarding the failures of government intervention. He cites the work of Martin Feldstein and others who have traced the "disastrous impact" of government interference in medical care. However, he is one-sided in reporting what these various contributors really have to say.

Martin Feldstein, for instance, who argues cogently for the view that national health insurance in various forms would inflate medical costs, also argues in favor of a particular kind of intervention. Feldstein's proposal for Major Risk Insurance

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By John Barron and Anthony Paul

There is a dark age in Cambodia. The new Communist regime, in a program of organized slaughter, has turned it into a country without universities, commerce, art, music, literature... or hope. Now, in a journalistic event already making headlines, the *Reader's Digest* senior writers have documented the atrocities in Cambodia for all the world to see.

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requires that low income people pay for the initial few hundred dollars of medical costs, and that higher income people pay a somewhat higher initial level of costs. This has the positive effect of promoting cost-consciousness among medical consumers (and, subsequently, among medical producers), and would be a great help in reducing the costs of medical care.

It has the additional positive effect of avoiding heavy burdens of medical costs for poor and middle-income people. This, apparently, is not a concern of the conservative ideologist—who would prefer that the market remain free and that only the fittest survive.

Philadelphia, Pa. ALAN H. LUXENBERG

On Unemployment

I seldom disagree with you, but your proposed solution for unemployment ["The Week," April 15] is a cruel one. Things just aren't that simple.

I am a physicist/engineer with a graduate degree. I have not been regularly employed for over two years now. This state of affairs is not due to lack of effort; I have a two-inch-thick file of letters beginning, "While your credentials are most impressive, we do not at the moment have any openings that would fully use your abilities." It is an impressive collection, since only about 20 per cent of companies even respond to your letters and résumés.

Had it not been for the Massachusetts unemployment benefits, I simply do not know where I would be at this point. Possibly a suicide. The unemployment benefits have tided me over until—just recently—things seem to be looking up. You would do far better to inveigh against discrimination because of age. (I'm over fifty, and I keep getting the feeling that that's the real problem.)

There must be better ways to encourage and support people who really want to work than merely shutting off the unemployment insurance. I suggest that you give some thought to possible alternatives. Maybe a requirement for demonstrated job-hunting effort, or something like that.

Framingham, Mass. NAME WITHHELD

My Merry Oldsmobile

I loved your thoughts, von Dreele,
On your merry Oldsmobile;
And it's worth the extra dough
To go safely to and fro.
But the taxes they will levy
Are sure to be quite heavy.
So make sure, von Dreele,
It's an Oldsmobile,
Not an Olds propelled by a Chevy.

Yazoo City, Miss. J. T. "TUCKER" COLTON

To Keep and Bear Arms

Your coverage of Robert Moss's cogent perceptions about "This Sickled Isle" ["The Week," March 18] is interesting to me in that I have pointed out to him another symptom of a fading democratic society: an ever-encroaching heavy hand on the individual holding of firearms by the citizenry.

From Chief Inspector Colin Greenwood's landmark study, *Firearms Control*, it is not easy to find a reason for the escalating stringency of British gun laws. In the 1920s, when any madman in England could get a gun, gun crimes were so few as to be virtually unrecorded. Yet

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ALFRED M. DE ZAYAS

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there was considerable IRA agitation as well as some Marxist activity, so the English decided to disarm themselves in hopes all would go away.

Two other factors weigh on the UK domestic disarmament phenomenon: 1) in every postwar period following a great carnage there is invariably the liberal chant for a total reversal of militarism and all things associated with arms. 2) It is the nature of the beast of socialism to want registration of all things born and unborn, stationary and moving.

In 1940 the *American Rifleman*, official organ of the National Rifle Association, ran an ad imploring native sportsmen to donate their rifles, shotguns, handguns, binoculars, and ammunition to be shipped to that island under threat of invasion. The rain of Nazi paratroopers never came, thanks to Hitler's wish to conciliate England as he went after his prime enemy, but the lesson is clear to any student of history, i.e., it is virtually impossible to dominate for long any country secure in a diversity of small arms held by the populace without records of accountability. In post-WWII Europe the pistol and hunting clubs of Hungary, for example, found it convenient for the greater good to keep all arms in a central warehouse . . .

Albuquerque, N.M. ROY TRABAND

The Shroud of Turin

Your readers who are interested in the Shroud of Turin ["The Week," June 10] will find an immense amount of scholarly analysis and information in *A Doctor at Calvary* by Pierre Barbet, MD, published by P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. This is a small book, but it contains the results of years of study by a highly qualified student of the subject. I believe there is a paperback edition available.

Read Dr. Barbet's book—you will obtain an entirely new understanding of the Passion, Death, and Resurrection of Christ.

Harrisburg, Pa. ROBERT J. DEMER

Kemp, Evans, & Co.

I've been reading *NR* now for almost ten years and discovered that the truth, though rough to take, is confrontable.

I get mad and almost come to tears when I read about the economic and social malaise of this country. Conversely, the truth of "Kemp & Co." [M. Stanton Evans, June 10] provides the refreshing antidote to the almost constant onslaught of the "liberal death wish."

There are many of your articles that I have made copies of for others to read.

Keep it up!

Jackson, Mich. BOB DI DIEGO

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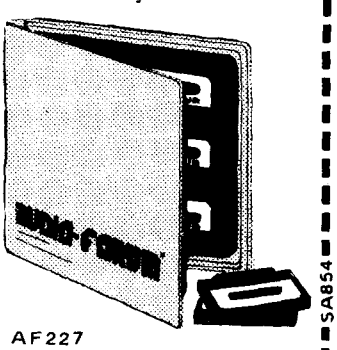

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FOR THE RECORD

■ Senate Majority Leader **Robert Byrd** says the New York blackout indicates the urgent need for Congress to pass President **Carter**'s energy package and promises much of it will be enacted this year—even if he has to keep the Senate in session past the October 8 target adjournment date. . . . Part of the problem: the **energy package** is now embodied in 113 separate bills, some of which have been considered by 11 separate House committees. Initial action in the Senate won't come until September. . . . Carter's moves toward restoring relations with **Castro** are not particularly popular. Latest **Gallup** shows only 35 per cent of Americans favor full diplomatic ties with Cuba, down from 48 per cent three months ago. . . . Carter's own approval rate is 63 per cent, which makes him less popular after six months in office than were **Kennedy** (74 per cent), **LBJ** (74), and **Richard Nixon** (65). **Gerald Ford** had the approval of only 39 per cent of the people at the end of his first six months.

■ The five Republican senators who voted against the Senate ethics code (**Laxalt**, **Curtis**, **Goldwater**, **Weicker**, and **Hayakawa**) have gone to court to test its constitutionality. What they object to most is limitation on outside earnings to $8,625 a year. Says Hayakawa: "I am not capable of being bribed, and if I were I would trust the people of California to vote me out of office." . . . Rep. **Bud Shuster** (R., Pa.) is taking the lead in opposing **Brock Adams**' order on mandatory airbags in cars. Shuster has over one hundred cosponsors in the House for a resolution to block the airbag requirement. . . . Not even intensive lobbying by House Speaker **Tip O'Neill** and Vice President **Mondale** could get the House to adopt President Carter's instant registration plan. Nor was the program helped, incidentally, when **Frank Thompson** (D., N.J.), chairman of the House Administration Committee, called two Republican committee members (**Steve Symms** of Idaho and **Robert Dornan** of California) "goddam lying sons of bitches." Symms and Dornan had brought false ID cards to the committee hearings to demonstrate how easy they were to get. . . . Bill that will probably be voted will make instant registration optional, which, as Minority Leader **John Rhodes** points out, makes the legislation "meaningless." States already have that right. . . . Incidentally, Rep. Rhodes has informed *NR* that he did not sign a fund-raising letter for the **Ripon Society** as reported in "For the Record" on June 24.

Gurbutt, England Rothco

"I can't understand it—it's not as if we intended to fly it into New York."

■ August 23, the fiftieth anniversary of their execution, will be **Nicola Sacco** and **Bartolomeo Vanzetti** Memorial Day in Massachusetts, says Governor **Michael Dukakis**. Dukakis says he wants to remove the "stigma and disgrace" attached to their names . . . A Canadian company that checks telephones for wiretaps has offered an executive position to **Gordon Liddy** when he is released on parole on September 7. . . . In New York, the first post-**Dolly Schiff** editor of the *New York Post* has resigned after less than five months in the slot. **Edwin Bolwell** says he disagrees with owner **Rupert Murdoch** on the importance of crime stories; Murdoch will now take editorial command of the newspaper.

■ It's a happy day for 15,000 **Indochinese refugees**, including 7,000 of the tragic "boat people." President Carter has instructed Attorney General **Bell** to use his "emergency parole authority" to permit them to enter the United States. . . . How to discourage defectors: Thai troops patrolling the **Cambodian** border have found the bodies of fifty Cambodians—presumably shot while trying to escape. Some had been decapitated, their heads placed on poles. . . . According to the *Hanoi Monthly Review* Vietnamese authorities plan to resettle **ten million** (of a population of 42 million) on the land in a program that will, says the *Review*, "usher in full socialist production." . . . The Norwegian liner *Rasa Sayang* will be the first **cruise ship** to visit Vietnam, next February. Only citizens of countries which have diplomatic relations with Hanoi will be allowed to take the cruise.

■ It doesn't seem possible but **James Schlesinger** is quoted in the *Washington Post* as saying that Americans used more gasoline in the four-day July 4 weekend than in the year 1944, at the height of World War II.

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THE WEEK

■ "Washington, Feb. 31 (AP). The Supreme Court ruled today, by a 6 to 3 margin, that while states may not prohibit cosmetic surgery, they are not obliged to subsidize face-lifts for the indigent. Feminist and civil rights leaders were quick to respond. The Court's decision, charged a spokesperson for the National Organization for Women, 'effectively denies to poor women the right to be beautiful.' "

■ Edward J. Mitchell, professor of business economics at the University of Michigan, has found that congressional voting on the deregulation of natural gas is almost purely ideological. ". . . If a Congressman's ADA rating is 45 per cent or higher he will vote against deregulation and if under 45 per cent he will vote for deregulation," Mitchell writes in the *Wall Street Journal*, noting that this prediction rule is more than 90 per cent accurate, even down to committee votes. In other words, just about everyone who wants to let American enterprise supply consumers with the gas they need at the price they are willing to pay is a conservative; and just about everyone who wants the Federal Power Commission to fix prices and perpetuate natural gas shortages is a liberal. At least on this issue, it is plain that the public interest is being thwarted by the ideological liberal majority in Congress.

■ The *New York Times* views the recent rioting and looting as an argument for, you guessed it, vast federal programs. But you won't guess the next one. Columnist David Broder sees the mob behavior when the lights went out as a strong argument for . . . *abortion*! "Ironically," writes Broder, "a few days after [the House abortion] debate, [Elizabeth] Holtzman's district was one of those ravaged by looters in the New York blackout, a reminder to Carter and the rest of us that the social consequences of unwanted, uncared-for children are felt by everyone—not just their mothers." Us, we're vegetarians, and we see the riots as an argument for health food.

■ Big Labor, after eight years of wandering through the desert, expected great things from the combination of a Democratic President and a Democratic Congress. So far, its disappointment has been traumatic. This spring labor failed to win: a common-site picketing bill, the repeal of 14(b) of the Taft-Hartley Act, and a $3 minimum wage. But now, having compromised on these and other points, the unions have got Carter's okay on major revisions in the workings of the National Labor Relations Board. These proposals—which Congress still must consider—include: an election on union representation must be held within a "fixed, brief period" after a request is filed with the NLRB; employers who refuse to bargain on the first contract with a new union could be ordered to compensate workers for wages lost during the delay; the NLRB could authorize double back pay for workers illegally discharged for organizing activities. Secretary of Labor Ray Marshall, introducing the proposals, said—no doubt he keeps his ears firmly plugged against news from Britain—that they would "strengthen the collective bargaining rights of American workers."

■ It is believed in Rome that a current dispute between the Czech and Italian Communist Parties may become a test of the seriousness of the Eurocommunist heresy. The dispute arose when the Italian Party invited Zdenek Mlynar to address a Party meeting in Italy. Mlynar is a well-known Czech dissident—a high Party official in 1968 during Aleksandr Dubcek's "Czech Spring," a signer of last winter's Charter 77 human rights manifesto, and now an exile living in Austria. He is said to have had extensive recent discussions with leading Italian Communists on developments in Czechoslovakia and to have told them Eurocommunism is creating serious political problems in East Europe. According to the reports from Rome, Prague's anger at this Mlynar incident, which it sees as a deliberate affront, may lead to a formal and open break between the Czech and Italian Parties, with possible repercussions affecting relations between the other European Parties, East and West.

■ At its annual meeting held this year in Prague, the International Olympic Committee initiated, after many demands from supporters and opponents alike, rule changes for the International Olympic movement. Hardly publicized was a big change restricting broadcasting and accreditation rights of journalists for the Moscow Olym-

Look Away, Look Away

Up yonder where the heroes dwell;
  Where Beauregard and Lee
Look down upon the twitches in
  Our social history;
Where Pickett dreams he takes the ridge
  And Longstreet's there on time,
While Davis cocks an ear to hear
  The Richmond churchbells chime:
They're all observing Jimmy from
  The Golden Ladder's rung.
They like the way he budgets, but
  They can't stand Andrew Young.

W. H. VON DREELE

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pics, for the following reason. The two American stations broadcasting from Munich for Eastern European audiences, Radio Free Europe and Radio Liberty, have long been a thorn in the side of the Moscow Organizing Committee, which considers them tools of the cold war. Procedurally, stations must be accredited by Moscow after endorsement has been given by the relevant National Olympic Committee, in this case the U.S. Committee. At the Innsbruck Winter Games in February 1976, both stations were expelled when they produced endorsements by the wrong National Committee, the West German one. So Moscow demanded in Prague this year that all radio journalists reporting from Moscow do so only in their native language, and only to their own homeland. The Olympic Committee, headed by Lord Killanin, caved in as usual. All of Eastern Europe will now have only the official Moscow coverage of the 1980 Olympic Games.

■ Both Britain and the United States had decided that Ian Smith must, within the year, a) hold new elections with universal suffrage and b) deal directly with the Patriotic Front, the Marxist guerrilla group operating against Rhodesia from Zambia and Mozambique. Smith turned down these proposals, dissolved his parliament, and called for new elections on August 31. He will try, he says, if he gets the mandate he is asking for—a vote of confidence from those whites and blacks who do vote in Rhodesia—to work out some deal with the moderate black nationalists, Bishop Muzorewa and Ndabaningi Sithole. It's a forlorn hope at best, but the alternative —what Washington and London were proposing—was not only the phasing out of the white presence in Rhodesia but also the turning of Rhodesia's blacks over to the Marxist gunmen from across the border. In Africa, as Stuart Cloete once said, it has usually been one man, one vote, once.

■ The deliciously named Organization of African Unity held itself a summit in Gabon a fortnight ago and it was a gasser. Chad wanted to know what Libya thought it was doing occupying a 100,000-square-kilometer strip of northern Chad which is presumed to be rich in uranium. At least that's what the Libyans presumably believe since more sand they don't need. Libya said pishtush and refused to discuss the subject. Ethiopia had some ugly things to say about the Sudan, which is supporting three different liberation movements in Ethiopia. Well, said Sudan, but what about those three attempts in the past year to assassinate our leader, Gaafar Nimeiry? Wasn't Ethiopian strongman Colonel Mengistu behind them? (Last year it was Libya's Qaddafi who was trying to knock off Nimeiry.) Morocco and Mauritania, co-occupiers of what was once the Spanish Sahara (phosphate) wanted the OAU to condemn Algeria for supporting the Polisario Liberation Movement (Algeria would like that phosphate). Kenya's foreign minister arrived hot-eyed and angry: What, he said, about the 10,000 foreign troops that had spilled over into northern Kenya from Somalia? Somalia was furious, really furious. To think it would do any such thing! Kenya's charges, it said, were "false and groundless." President Mobutu, whose territories had indeed been invaded from neighboring (but not neighborly) Angola earlier this spring, couldn't even get anyone to listen to his plaints. There was a seventh inning stretch when everyone turned out to applaud Marshal President Idi Amin Dada, fresh from his latest genocidal antics. Someone informed Gabon's President Omar Bongo that by mistake his palace guard had bundled out of the country five representatives of the Canary Island Liberation Front—who had been duly invited but the security guards not informed of same. All in all things were getting pretty hot when everyone remembered that the real enemies were Rhodesia and South Africa, and the usual ringing communiqué ensued.

■ Columnist Pat Buchanan was musing the other day on one of the major puzzlements of our time: when, exactly, did that "fair young maiden, 'world opinion,' " turn into a racist whore? World opinion was shocked at North Korea's aggression against the South, at the Soviet tanks that rumbled into Budapest, at My Lai. But—as reports have trickled out from Ethiopia that the new military rulers are killing their opponents, and their opponents' young children, by dynamite and throat-cutting so as to save scarce ammunition—there has been hardly a peep from world opinion. "The thought occurred," writes Buchanan: "Where would the [*New York*] *Times* editor have placed that story, had those 120 students been dynamited to death outside Soweto Township? Suppose those soldiers, short of ammunition, who cut the throats of 655 people, had been white Afrikaners, instead of black Ethiopians. Would the report have been given the same cursory, ho-hum treatment it everywhere received?"

■ Talk about racism in reverse. Professor Richard Lynn of the New University of Ulster, writing in the *Bulletin of the British Psychological Society*, says, "The Japanese have all the problems of environment that should cut their scores in IQ tests. They should seem much less bright than Westerners. Yet the average IQ in Japan is apparently several points higher than in Britain or the U.S." The Japanese, he notes, "have had a considerably lower per capita income than the Americans throughout the whole of the present century . . . and consequently have had less to spend on food, education, health, and most of the other environmental variables." All of which is rather "awkward" for environmentalist theories of intelligence. As for the Japs, they may be smart, but they can't dance like us.

■ In a recent editorial the *Wall Street Journal* noted that

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

The saccharin flap continues here unabated, in the process adding a new dimension to the debate over federal regulation in general and the role of the Food and Drug Administration in particular. On one side (to simplify it all) stand members of the federal health establishment, the Naderites, and their allies in the press. On the other stands much of the unmobilized general public and certain of its representatives in Congress.

For the past several years, the first side has had it all its own way, charging the health-care industry with over-manufacturing dangerous food additives and over-prescribing unnecessary drugs. The FDA, stung by charges of ineptitude and collusion with industry, has responded by rapidly slapping bans on such menaces as Red Dye #2 just as soon as the obligatory tests have been run.

Up to now, the regulators and the consumerists who keep political pressure on them have had few problems. Most Americans, after all, really don't give a hoot about the color of the cherries in their Manhattans. But then, on the basis of what sounded like very scanty evidence, came the saccharin ban, and hundreds of thousands of diet-conscious Americans seemed suddenly to discover just how deeply government has become accustomed to dipping into their daily lives.

The continuing uproar has not been lost on Congress, where, ironically enough, legislators such as Representative Paul Rogers who have frequently been in the foreground of those criticizing the FDA for lethargy, now criticize it for acting too precipitately. True, the new congressional critics of the FDA agree, the Delaney amendment does require the banning of additives that cause cancer in animals. But there is real doubt about the validity of the Canadian tests—just as there is strong doubt now about the most recent test results purporting to show a relationship between saccharin and bladder cancer in men. And the FDA does have the option to call for more tests.

For the time being, Congress will take the FDA off the saccharin hook. The Senate and the House have both tentatively cleared legislation to delay the ban. And Chairman Paul Rogers of the House Health Subcommittee has repeatedly hinted that the results of an unpublished Johns Hopkins study may prove conclusively that saccharin does not cause susceptibility to cancer in man.

The FDA had hoped with the saccharin ban to have the public-health types eating out of its hand. But the unforeseen result has been that, for the first time, the general public has begun to snap at its heels. Over the long run, saccharin may prove to have been highly beneficial to the health of the increasingly politicized regulatory process.

■ Has Jimmy Carter succeeded in carrying out his promise to wipe out bureaucratic gobbledygook? Apparently not, judging from this presidential proclamation, signed by Himself and reprinted in the *Washington Star*: "On May 19, 1977, I determined to accept the determination of those Commissioners making no determination of injury to the monochrome television receiver industry as the determination of the Commission and to accept the determination of those Commissioners finding serious injury to that portion of the industry producing sub-assemblies . . . as the determination of the Commission."

■ THE ULTIMATE UNGREENING OF THE SIXTIES: Rennie Davis, believe it or not, now works as an insurance salesman for John Hancock.

—CATO

New York City was the home of the free lunch. The *Journal*, however, failed to give New York the full honor it deserves. Not only is it the home of the free lunch, it is also the home of the free breakfast. On the last day of the school year, New York's public-school teachers gave each one of their pupils a flier informing them of "*free meals all summer long.*" Written in five languages besides English, the flier, like the program, is a model of simplicity, telling what kind of meals ("delicious, well-balanced breakfasts and lunches"), for whom they are meant ("all children ages 3 through 18. No forms to fill out . . . just walk in and enjoy"—as many well over 18 are said to be doing), and where the meals are available (at over 130 public schools throughout the city). Perhaps this program is the reason why, during the blackout, so many young New Yorkers went for TV and stereo sets instead of legs of lamb and pork chops.

■ If a bank were to make errors in 1 per cent of its transactions, it would be out of business next Tuesday. When a government agency flubs up ten or twenty times that much, it sends out a press release and asks for more taxes. For instance, the Social Security Administration dazzled us all some months ago by reporting that it had reduced the Supplemental Security Income program error rate to about 25 per cent. Now it reports even more good news, an overpayment rate averaging only 13.1 per cent in the Aid for Dependent Children program (translation: Aid for Democrats with Children), with only 5.3 per cent payments to ineligibles.

■ The good news is that Massachusetts has eased a law providing an automatic one-year jail sentence for carrying an unregistered BB gun. The bad news is that horses for the new downtown carriage service in Detroit have to wear diapers.

The Sticking Point

As we write, President Carter and Israeli Prime Minister Menahem Begin are in the middle of their—well, to speak frankly, their secret negotiations. Somehow it turns out, even in a sunshine Administration, that open diplomacy designed to bring the people into the making of foreign

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policy is a lot easier to practice on the hustings than in the White House. By the time this issue of *NR* is printed we will have learned something of what was discussed by Messrs. Carter and Begin, but it is a safe guess we will learn considerably less than all.

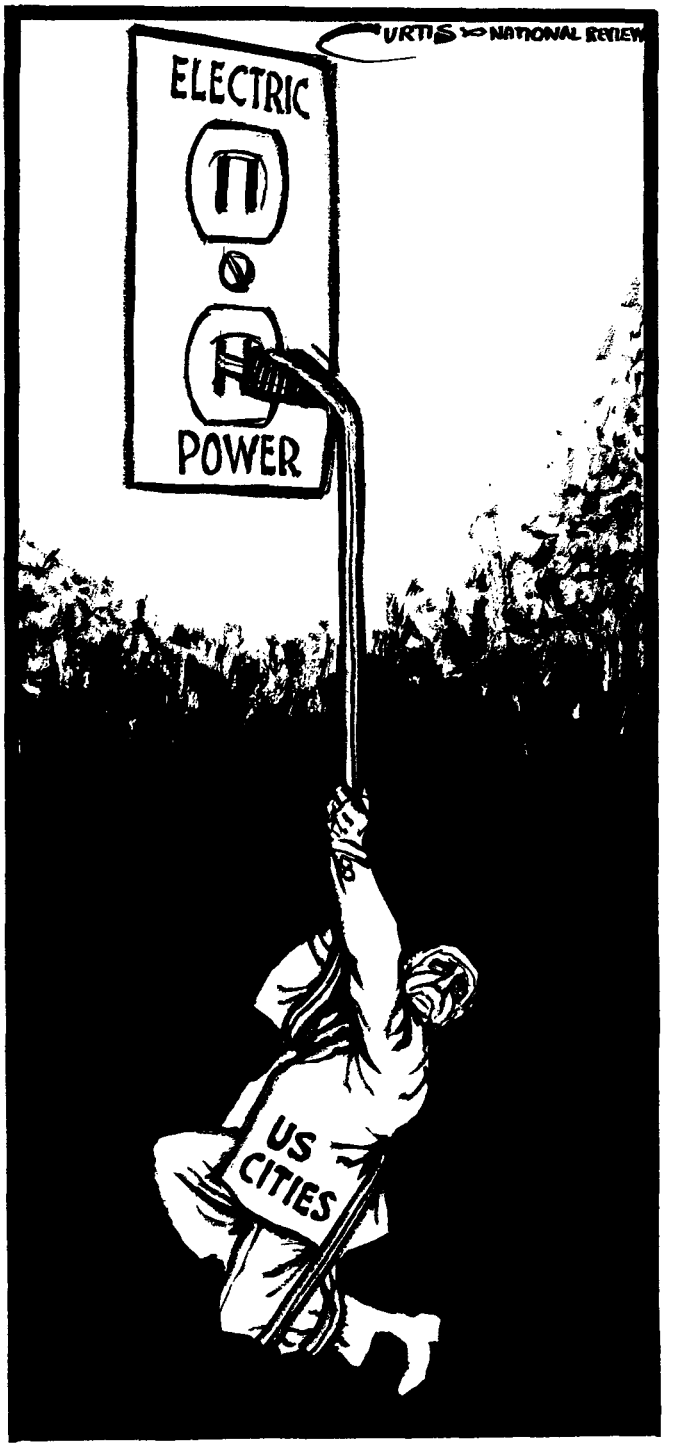
President Carter has made clear that he wants to abandon the step-by-step approach favored by Henry Kissinger and place the Arab-Israeli Mideast problem in its entirety before a reconvened session of the Geneva conference, if possible this autumn. If such a meeting is to have any chance of success, there must obviously be an agreement among all parties about who is to be present in what capacity. This boils down to the issue of Palestinian representation: which Palestinians will be present and how—as an autonomous entity, or attached to the Jordanian delegation, or merged into an Arab delegation? Up to now there has been no such agreement, because all parties realize that the answer to this procedural question implies at least part of the answer to the questions of substance concerning the Palestinian problem.

Another necessary preliminary to a general conference that would have any real chance for success has been getting public attention in the past few months. All parties attending the conference must be willing to discuss all problems in dispute "without preconditions." There is obviously no possibility of negotiating a solution to a disputed issue if one side refuses to discuss it. This reality has been reflected in a series of recent statements by both Arab and Israeli spokesmen, who have edged gradually closer to a "no preconditions" promise, though not yet without lingering ambiguity.

There is one issue, however, on which neither Israeli nor Arab leaders have ever expressed any willingness to negotiate without preconditions—on which, indeed, Menahem Begin has in the last month publicly repeated his refusal to consider any negotiation. Strangely enough, this issue—the political status of Jerusalem—has not entered very noticeably into the current public discussion of the Mideast.

The Israelis took political control of all Jerusalem by force of arms and they have not indicated any willingness to discuss any change therein. But to many Arabs, and in particular to conservative Arab leaders like the members of the Saudi Arabian royal house, the status of Jerusalem is the *paramount* Mideast issue; and there are even Christians, including the Pope, who are much troubled by any unilateral sovereignty over the city that contains the holy places of all three of the world's great monotheistic faiths.

There is a special feature to the Jerusalem issue. In general, the Israelis justify their stand—on the Golan Heights, West Bank, Sinai, etc.—by their need for territorial security. Whether or not their arguments along that line are valid in any given case, the basis of such a position—a nation's need for security—is accepted by all nations, and permits a rational discussion in the light of the facts. But the political status of Jerusalem has no significant bearing on Israel's territorial security. It is for Israelis an ideological issue. Israel wants sole sovereignty over Jerusalem not to improve her territorial security but to fulfill what many Israelis believe to be religious destiny. Obviously this consideration is irrelevant to anyone who does not share this religious and ideological conviction. The question of Jerusalem's political status can be rationally discussed and fruitfully negotiated only if it is de-ideologized; for example, if it is assumed that each of the three faiths may properly demand assured and unimpeded access to their holy places, and that the aim of the negotiation is to work out a political structure for Jerusalem that would give



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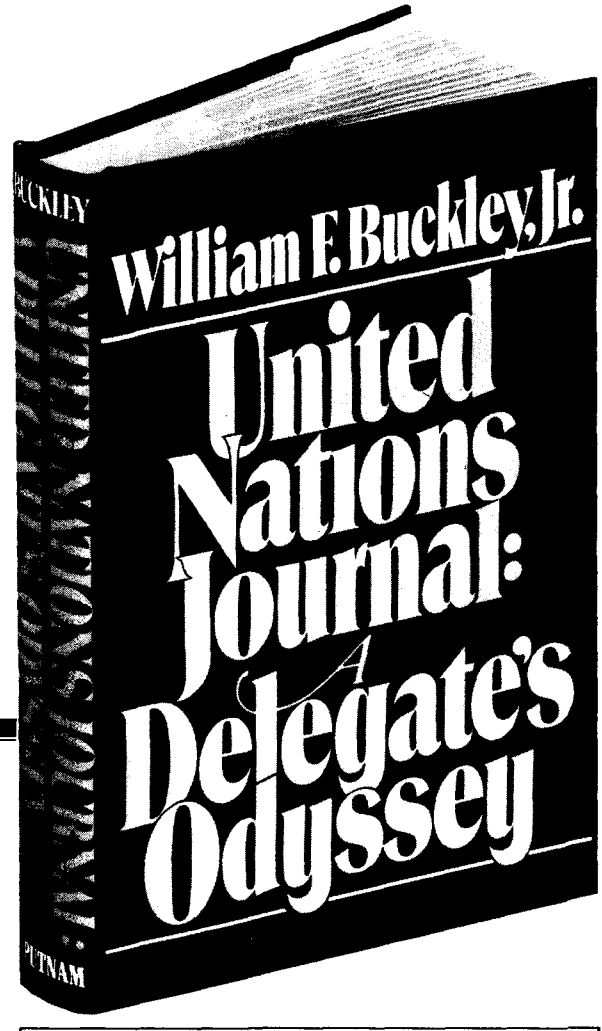
It Didn't Start with Andrew Young

***Here's a book that will explain to you (as only Bill Buckley can explain it!) why the U.S.'s "outspoken" new UN Ambassador may well be the perfect man for the job! (Get your copy now — while our small supply lasts — and* SAVE A FULL $5.00!)**



If you think the attitude of our present Ambassador to the United Nations is something new (and/or embarassing) then by all means get your hands on a copy of Bill Buckley's "United Nations Journal: A Delegate's Odyssey."

This fascinating book, a behind-the-scenes look at what the UN is *really* like, shows you why Andrew Young should feel right at home in the Tower of Babel by the East River.

Buckley paints a picture of an organization almost out of control, choking on its own verbiage, ignoring major problems while going on endlessly about relatively minor matters -- e.g., Jimmy Carter's new concern for Human Rights (*Buckley's* special concern while at the UN), is promoted on paper but little or nothing is actually done to guarantee them. At the same time, by a sort of "gentlemen's agreement," not a word is said about flagrant Soviet violations (sound familiar?). And bureaucratic shackles make sure that no one rocks the boat. When Buckley suggested, for example, that Solzhenitsyn be invited to address the General Assembly, he was told it would *take five years to complete the necessary preparation!*

Indeed, this intriguing book takes you on a first-class guided tour of an organization Alice might have found harder to explain than Wonderland. What goes on daily at the UN may almost defy belief but, if only in self-defense, every concerned (and informed) American ought to know about it.

Now, you can get your own copy of this exceptional book for just $2.95 (retails for $7.95). Here's how. Simply renew your current subscription to National Review (new orders are fine too!) for a full year at no more than the regular $19 rate; you pay only $2.95 for the book, or $21.95 in all, saving you $5.00 on the purchase price of the book. Just fill out and mail the handy reply card opposite this page, today, and we'll take care of all the details for you (including postage and handling).

"Tart, funny, Buckley at his best . . . It should be read by everyone."
-- *The Wall Street Journal*

"What prompted William F. Buckley, Jr., to accept an assignment as a representative of the United States to the United Nations? Pure, undiluted Walter Mittyism,' he confesses, and his fantasy that he would hold the delegates 'spellbound as I read to them from Solzhenitsyn, as I described the latest account of concentration camps in Mainland China, as I pleaded the case of the ballet dancer Panov.' Buckley's stay at the United Nations did not produce such scenes. What it produced instead was his *United Nations Journal,* "the most delightfully interesting civics book in a long time, and probably the first.' "
-- *San Francisco Sunday Examiner & Chronicle*

"Thoroughly readable, perceptive, and highly informative."
-- *The San Diego Union*

"A very enlightening view of the world's most expensive debating society."
-- *The San Diego Union*

"His salty, stylish observations of United Nations life provide a refreshing insight into an often misunderstood institution."
-- *The Hartford Courant*

"More constructive comments of the United Nations than can be found in 1,000 U.N. speeches."
-- *Sunday Oklahoman*

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assurances, convincing to all three, that this demand will be met.

We bring up the problem of Jerusalem at this time because it is being publicly neglected and because, though it seems a small thing in the Mideast cauldron, it is possible that it may prove the most awkward sticking point in the effort to bring lasting peace to the Mideast. Though it is overlooked in public, we hope that President Carter has not forgotten Jerusalem in charting his course. We are sure that Menahem Begin has not.

Carter and the New Weapons

In his decisions regarding the new generation of sophisticated weapons, President Carter has shown both resolution and caution. His decision not to go ahead with production of the B-1 bomber at the present time remains highly controversial. Yet even there Carter did not foreclose the B-1 option altogether. Prototypes will continue to be tested. Production could be ordered at some future date. Moreover, the B-52 will be serviceable for another ten years, and jumbo jets can also be modified to carry the cruise missile. The price tag of $102 million per plane obviously influenced the decision to wait on the B-1.

At the same time, three new and indeed revolutionary weapons which could be ready for deployment in the 1980s seem especially suited to provide nightmares for Soviet military planners. Each, at a stroke, negates an important Soviet military strength. They are the cruise missile, the neutron bomb, and the MX mobile ballistic missile. President Carter appears to be moving ahead with the first two, while postponing decision on the MX. Provided he does go ahead with all three, the strategic balance will presently look a great deal more favorable to the West than it did even a year ago.

The cruise missile, which the Soviets currently lack the technology to produce in advanced versions, is a futuristic weapon. It can be launched from a variety of platforms on land, sea, and air. It can be delivered with pinpoint accuracy. The main threat to NATO is the possibility of a sudden massive tank attack by the Warsaw Pact across the German plain. But the cruise missile, launched from ships, planes, and submarines in the Baltic and the North Sea, would have a devastating effect on the flank of any such attack. Not only would it be effective against tank and truck concentrations, but its accuracy would permit it to be used effectively against rail junctions, supply dumps, and roads.

The neutron bomb solves another NATO problem. Presumably any overwhelming Warsaw Pact strike would be met with tactical nuclear weapons. The problem there is known as "collateral damage." The nukes would not only kill Communists but would ruin large tracts of West Germany and kill many friendly civilians. The neutron bomb, delivered by missile or artillery shell, solves that problem. Its radius of destruction is narrow, making it a much more precise weapon than the ordinary nuclear warhead. Since it kills by intense neutron radiation, it does not damage material objects. The radiation does not linger in the blast area. The neutron bomb will be the ideal weapon against those 11,000 Soviet tanks that were supposed to be able to sweep to the Rhine in 48 hours. The product of twenty years of research, the neutron warhead was worth waiting for.

The MX mobile ballistic missile negates another important aspect of Soviet strategy. The Soviets have been deploying monstrous 25-megaton SS-18 Intercontinental Ballistic Missiles. The only purpose for such a large warhead is the destruction of the hardened silos of our Minuteman (2-megaton) ICBMs. Essentially the SS-18 represents a Soviet first-strike weapon. But against the MX missile, which can be moved anywhere, day or night, the SS-18 is useless, a dinosaur. President Carter should make this new system an urgent priority.

The style of Carter's decision-making on these new systems has been quietly impressive. At his most recent press conference he said that he "has no inclination to change positions that we have taken" because he thinks that they are "fair." He went on to label as "erroneous or ill-advised" recent Soviet blasts attacking him.

The answer to the Soviet strategic challenge must in the long run lie with a dynamic Western technology. On the record, the Soviets cannot match this capability. Their economy, even now, is under a heavy strain merely keeping up the present Soviet military effort, which is about to be rendered obsolescent by the new generation of weapons.

One additional note. The political substance of the recent Carter arms control proposals appears to be spectacular. Knowing it would never be accepted, Carter proposed a total abolition of nuclear weapons. This turned the tables on the Soviets, who like to come out with such

The Cask of Amontillado

B-52s, airborne way back when Ike
  Showed Sherman Adams out the portico,
Will ring the Russian mainland like a dyke
  As England walled in Boney long ago.
Each bomber will be suitably aglow
  With new upholstery and freshened paint;
There'll be no Cyrillic code for Westward Ho!
  With all these ancients counseling restraint.
I gather the Presidium will faint
  As, in his shelter, each civilian cowers.
The Carters know their Edgar Allan Poe:
  Bricks do *his* victim in; cruise missiles, ours.
Progressives call this "masterly and bold."
  I call Ike's bombers frighteningly old.

W. H. von Dreele

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resonant utopianisms themselves. But the second Carter proposal had the effect of simply scrapping the Ford-Kissinger Vladivostok agreement, by ignoring it. The Vladivostok agreement would have had the effect of institutionalizing U.S. strategic inferiority in important respects.

Provided Carter goes ahead in the direction so far indicated, and that is a very large qualification, there is a good deal to be pleased about in the way the strategic balance is now developing. There are those, however, who fear that these vital weapons systems will be negotiated away or cut back to reduced effectiveness at future SALT negotiations. It is in the political realm, therefore, that the strategic struggle will now be waged.

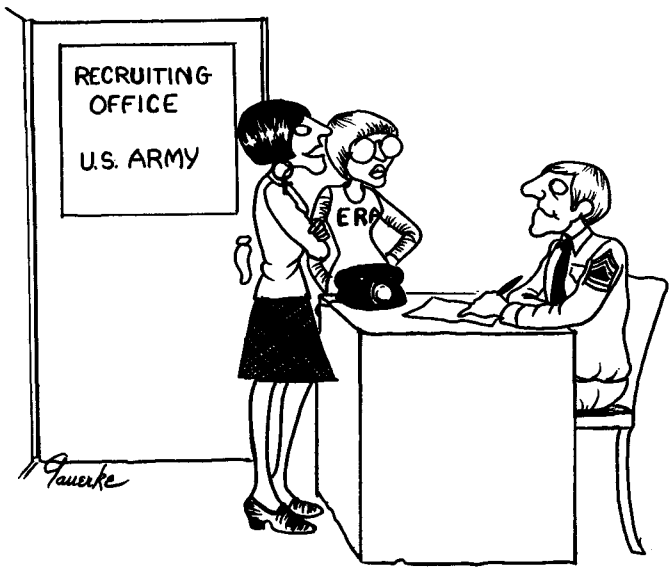
Rip-Off Time

That old gang got together again, in the wake of the blackout's looting and pillage, for a few lusty choruses of their favorite Sixties anthems. Tom Wicker led the crowd in that quaint madrigal "Racism, Vietnam, and Unemployment"; Joe Kraft struck up a few bars of "We Have Too Long Neglected the Problems of the Inner City"; the editors of the *New York Times*, from 'way down in their collective diaphragm, bawled that old standard, "Thirty Billion More."

If you had an ounce of nostalgia in you, it couldn't but do your heart good, being here for the reunion and the solemn festivities of yesteryear. Of course, there were a few difficulties. The looters didn't seem animated by indignation or even vindictiveness; few people got hurt, except in an occasional brawl over the booty. Nor did they seem to be the kind of folks who respond to quivers of moral disequilibrium: some 80 per cent of those arrested turned out to have previous arrest records. Tom Wicker pointed to long histories of abuses and usurpations, but forgot his own observation that "many of the looters appear to have been little more than children." The *Times* itself bewailed the "enduring torments of poverty and race," which might explain why older blacks could be enraged (even if they weren't); but the Puerto Ricans? Well, said the *Times*, they come from "an island where economic possibilities seem limited." Think of that! Some strange enchanted isle, where things are (or "seem") finite. Must be terribly disorienting even to step off the boat from such a place. No wonder they loot. The *Times* also spoke sadly of "widening misunderstanding," a formula of profound explanatory power. And the inevitable refrain: "We've been put on notice again. We may continue to ignore the terrible problems of poverty and race, but we must do so aware of the risks to both justice and peace."

Now what happened was this. The lights went out all over New York City. Most people behaved themselves. But in some parts, exclusively black and Puerto Rican, youngsters with a weak sense of mine and thine instantly saw their chance and began breaking windows. (This within thirty seconds or so of the blackout.) They were by no means the most morally anguished of the denizens of those areas, nor were they brooding on the legacy of slavery, discrimination, and poverty. They saw their sudden chance and they took it. And others, seeing them get away with it, followed, unrestrained by an ethos of respect for property. All the city's police were summoned, but some 10,000 (out of 25,000) failed to respond; those who did were needed for myriad tasks besides arresting looters. The result was anarchy, a condition better understood by Tom Hobbes than by Tom Wicker; who nonetheless, in his naïve, moralizingly good-natured way, supposed that the looters were representative of blacks and Puerto Ricans (when in fact they were only relatively numerous among them) and that they were raising hell for the reasons Tom thought they ought to raise hell for. It was nice of him and his peers to offer them excuses, but it really doesn't help; in fact it is (as one might say) counterproductive, just as looting is. The people who really need his support and encouragement are the ones, black and Puerto Rican, who had the chance but resisted the impulse to join the madness around them; and will have many, many fewer places to shop, from now on, in their own neighborhoods; and will pay higher prices at the scattered places that remain open to them.

A few commentators, happily, spoke as if they had (as the phrase is) profited from the experience of the Sixties. William Safire and Max Lerner, for instance, observed that the problem was less economic than moral: the presence of a rip-off mentality, fostered by irresponsible politicians and pundits who treat the criminal and parasitical Negro as the typical Negro, and thereby help to make it so. That kind of liberalism is an outworn and frivolous literary conceit, which nobody applies to



"Of course, we have nothing against combat duty, if the Army provides day care centers in all combat zones."

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Bastille Day '77

Although it was Bastille Day it was not a classy revolution. A visit to the burning ghats of the South Bronx the morning after New York's dive into darkness revealed the ominous syndrome of daytime looting. The Grand Concourse, Fordham Road, 167th Street, 149th Street, all had their marauding bands, but the worst hits occurred on 138th Street, near the intersection of Brook Avenue, the old St. Ann's area—settled by Irish immigrants in the last quarter of the nineteenth century.

Acres of burnt America met the eye. From the sadistically gutted Woolworth's (a large, insured enterprise) to the little family clothing stores, picked clean by swarms of driver ants (not an inch of textile anywhere), to the many "bargain" stores that were now "free" stores, to the shelled "credit" jewelers—shelled and then burnt—the looters moved easily, skillfully, knowledgeably, through ponds of broken glass. In a relaxed fashion they completed their strange inventory. Joyous depredators, they were too many to disgrace a neighborhood—they *were* a neighborhood, on an odd shopping spree.

The little streets, branching off, were wounded too. But here the stores tended to be partially broken into, rather than battered out of existence like the big markets on 138th Street. They seem to have been the subject of individual hostilities, rather than the massive attacks that took out the supermarkets. These were partially depleted, partially ruined, and then discarded.

Although thousands (citywide) are reported to be in jail, the eagerness to make arrests seemed to be lacking. Looting is an extension of pilferage, and pilferage is merely shoplifting insistently pursued, and all these things are by now the ethos of the South Bronx. The South Bronx is not a new neighborhood but a new country (a satrapy, anyway), without a flag, without a name, without a national anthem, but nevertheless there. In that state, "ripping off the store" is not illegal.

But on this day the traditional hit has become pathologized. A raging kleptomania seemed to possess these crowds of extras, tirelessly carousing the set. The cloak of invisibility that started it all had melted with dawn, but that seemed to make no difference. The city had better get to know these neighbors. A new creature (hitherto murky, like the Loch Ness Monster) has emerged out of that darkness, and it will not take a social critic but a Linnaeus to understand it.

And all the rubble, the *Crystalnacht* sliver, the junk-(once merchandise-) littered sidewalks, the burnt smells —this Day-of-the-Locust vision? They are the debris of hard-working lives, not glass and fabric. They will not rejuvenate like starfish, and the South Bronx is not the Phoenix. One reason they were attacked is to tell them aliens are not welcome in the South Bronx.

The strident shoppers walked away not only with suits, watches, rings, and color TVs. They also took away a measure of fame. In beclouded English, they expressed themselves and congratulated themselves, over television, the awesome technology that loves to oversee the end of a tradition. They were more interesting to the cameras, these flamboyant boasters, than the rather dull merchants. They neither sow nor reap (many probably have no Social Security number) but looting has become the South Bronx's peculiar institution—a cottage industry of the unskilled and the unincorporated.

This *agon* of lawlessness was without politics. There was no prior "incident" between the people and the police. There was no overture of non-negotiable demands. There was no preliminary expression of grievance at all. It was, an unblinking eye would report, only a mean opportunism and cultural fault. Yet the search for alibis (a light industry) has already begun. By mid-Thursday evening, with parts of the city still unconnected to the power grid, the *New York Times* had editorialized in favor of sympathetic understanding for this hysteria of destructiveness. And public-interest lawyers are already preparing briefs condemning the police and the courts for depredations upon the rights of the looters and arsonists.

If it all began, as they say, with a thunderbolt from Jove, then there must have been some good purpose in it. I find it in the magisterial dark and stillness (if only for moments) that preceded all this Sturm und Drang. That cancelling-out of a million gaudy lights, and the consequent almost religious revelation of night, will not rebuild businesses, but is a sort of private money.

MARK EDELSON

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his private life, and which, as a guiding principle of public policy, has brought ruin to decent blacks and whites alike.

1972 Replay

Economists who argue that an acceleration of inflation is not now a serious threat are obliged to tell us how the current situation differs from that of late 1972, when they said the same. Industry was operating at 83.4 per cent of capacity in the third quarter of 1972: 83.5 per cent this June. Growth of the money supply has been just as fast over the past year as it was in 1972, and the budget deficit is now much larger.

In the second quarter of this year, wholesale prices were 6.9 per cent above the level of the year before, compared with a year-to-year rate of 6.3 per cent at the

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end of 1972. Despite a recent dip in commodity prices, the longer-term trend in this indicator of future inflation has been sufficiently ominous to cause a former head of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, Geoffrey Moore, to predict flatly that inflation has nowhere to go but up.

Complacency about inflation rests on the belief that the high unemployment rate will have a deflationary effect. But the unemployment rate is exaggerated for at least two reasons. One is that the rapid addition of six and a half million jobs since the bottom of the recession has attracted record numbers of housewives and teenagers into the ranks of job-seekers. In June, less than 43 per cent of the unemployed had lost their jobs. The rest had either quit their jobs or did not have a job to begin with. This is not a sign of stagnation, but a symptom of expansion.

Another reason that the unemployment rate cannot be viewed as comparable to that of earlier periods is the new requirement that recipients of welfare and food stamps go through the motions of registering for work. Ken Clarkson and Roger Meiners of the University of Miami figure that such requirements added 2.4 percentage points to the 1976 unemployment rate, although less than a tenth of those on work-registration programs were placed in jobs or training programs. There is little justification for the hope that a high unemployment rate will protect us from the inflationary consequences of big deficits and loose money.

If the optimists about inflation prove to be wrong again, as they were five years ago, they will again attribute the error to unusual circumstances requiring price controls. Memories are so short, they may actually get away with it.

No-Growth Explained

Your tycoon sees a new machine:
His lips are tight; the eyes look mean.
He estimates how many men
He'll fire when he's got it—then
He queries his financial brass
How much he'd pay for oil or gas
To run this wonderful machine,
And once again the eyes look mean.
You see, to run the thing costs more
Than paying men to run his store,
So tycoon types are making do.
And that's why Jimmy Carter's blue.

W. H. VON DREELE

Widening Gyre

In the most recent issue of *NR*, Malachi Martin analyzed the three principal schismatic tendencies in the Catholic Church (see "Schism in the Church," July 22). Mr. Martin there identified them as Catholic Marxism, Lefebvrist traditionalism, and the assortment of "progressive" positions on Church government and doctrine associated with Father Hans Küng.

Even as Mr. Martin's essay was appearing, two of the tendencies leaped spectacularly from the pages of the daily newspaper.

In San Salvador, right-wing terrorists known as the White Warriors Union issued a threat to kill fifty Jesuits unless they leave the country in a period of days. "The executions will be immediate and systematic," said the statement. The priests declared that they would remain, to help the peasants fight "exploitation." The precise political and doctrinal coloration of the Jesuits is not known at this point, but it is widely understood that the Jesuit order in Latin America has been radicalized, and that many priests and even some bishops have been cooperating with Marxists and even seeking to fashion a philosophical synthesis of Marxism and Christianity.

Purely religious matters aside, it is obvious that this kind of clerical manifestation within secular politics cannot fail to evoke a harsh secular counterattack against the politicized clergy, a counterattack either by the government or by such organizations as the terrorist White Warriors Union.

Meanwhile, Lefebvrism appears to be spreading. The Archbishop himself shows not the slightest sign of heeding papal reprimands and warnings. On Sunday, July 17, in Hicksville, Long Island, a Lefebvrist priest, Father Cekada of Detroit—the only American ordained on June 29 in Ecône, Switzerland—celebrated a Latin Mass before a packed congregation. According to news reports, "Much of the congregation was made up of young people and children, with none of the elderly who grew up with the pre-reform Mass."

It will surprise many to learn that the Vatican has no easy solution to its Lefebvre problem, even as it has no easy solution to Küng or to the Marxist clergy. Most canon lawyers maintain that excommunication for Lefebvre would require two separate and lengthy trials, which, in turn, would further magnify his impact. Paradoxically, Lefebvre tends to be protected by the very permissive, liberalizing climate he himself deplores.

Under the circumstances a strategic reassessment seems to be called for. Recent surveys have shown that people who leave the Church today do not do so over birth control or, in general, other secular and political issues. They leave because they have come to question such fundamental claims as the existence of God, the divinity of Christ, the Resurrection, and the afterlife. Given this circumstance, the clergy—and not only the Catholic clergy—might do well to forget the secular controversies for an extended period and concentrate on fundamentals. This would have a unifying and strengthening effect, whereas the secular controversies are divisive. And, indeed, the clergy are not generally

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perceived as having any special competence, beyond that of people in general, on matters of politics, economics, and most matters of personal behavior.

Notes & Asides

■ *(In response to Maryum Townsend, "Notes & Asides," July 8.)*

Dear Madam:

It's just a figment of your pigment. Yours,

Roy Traband
Albuquerque, N.M.

■ Dear Bill:

Since I moved out here a couple of months ago—as the result of a business offer I could not refuse—I have been shamelessly enjoying the scenic splendors of this Golden State. But abundant as these delights are, they cannot compensate for a single grievous privation: NATIONAL REVIEW has not been coming to me.

I had sent in one of those cards the Postal Service provides. But I assume that same service failed to deliver the note to your subscription fulfillment people. I would have written to them—rather than burdening you—but for my fear that I might be forced to endure further delay. The absence of NATIONAL REVIEW is like a serious vitamin deficiency. The cumulative results can be devastating, leading to mental lassitude, peevishness, and acute *Weltschmerz*.

My fate is in your hands. I am confident you will not fail to rescue me from my present lamentable state.

As ever,
Phil Nicolaides
San Francisco, Calif.

Dear Phil: Listen . . . Hear the bagpipes? *Hang on.* It's the *NR* mailman! Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Your protests about the continuing attacks on McCarthy and Nixon are unrealistic. We must always have a devil for our "Twenty-Minute Hate."

Hitler served the purpose for some twenty years after his death. We dug up the body each day, beat it with axe handles, and then reburied it. He was a fine figure of a devil until we got to the point where none of the younger generation could remember him, and none of them knew anything about history. Then, we had to create a new devil.

George Wallace was a promising new devil until he got shot. Somehow, a paraplegic devil is unsatisfactory, so we had to find a substitute for him.

McCarthy is only a temporary devil, used for the purpose of canonizing his victims. Very few of us can now remember him, and his name is often confused with that of Eugene McCarthy, one of the good guys.

Nixon has long been a candidate for devil, and he has prepared diligently for the role. When I saw him assuming his Louis XIV stance and saying, "L'état, c'est moi!" on the Frost interview, I closed my eyes and saw Emanuel Goldstein yammering away on my screen. It's true that Nixon isn't an ideal devil. He sometimes looks and sounds more like Tomlinson than a devil, but we have to take what we can get in an unheroic age.

Sincerely,
Erskine R. Lindsey
Birmingham, Ala.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley:

In your column from Caracas, which I've just read in NATIONAL REVIEW, you refer to Marines landing on the shores of Montezuma. Chesty Puller should turn in his grave! It is the shores of *Tripoli* on which Marines land. We only mess around with Montezuma's *halls*.

Sincerely,
Dennis J. DeLisle
Captain, USMCR
New York, N.Y.

■ Dear Bill:

Now that I'm fully recovered from my latest mild bout with the forcer of dementia praecox super schizo triple paranoia *praise the void* (Yiddish accent), I am happy to announce the construction of ontological apparatus with transmission capabilities of 7/8ths of an ounce—hmm—new lexicons—Sing Sing nexus listen close—you've heard the expression "Next year in Jerusalem!"?—no doubt—anyway I got it straight from the horses frothing mouth—it is Time to

Begin the Beguine
Beguile the Begule
Begume the Bitume

or there won't be a Tel Aviv to tell about nor a Jerusalem to journey to nor a planet to plot peace upon, and blood will run nigh over the johnny pumps. America the Reneger—death is a rubber disease! Ha—spoked and spun like a vandal son in de roamin' sky—I is entitled to ire and—free peanut butter. Wot? Duh, peace, Me puzzling, tho promising summer behind these danged walls. Enough to make a saint out of a sinner. Good to hear from you. Be well. Chuck Culhane

Sing Sing Penitentiary
Ossining, N.Y.

Dear Chuck: Celebrating decriminalization? Cordially, Bill

—WFB

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Some Euroquestions

JAMES BURNHAM

I BELIEVE that the French general election, scheduled for March 1978, is the most important event visible on the global horizon—more important than the Belgrade conference, the further SALT discussions, the Geneva meeting on the Mideast, the gathering storm in southern Africa, or the negotiations with China and Cuba. In the last analysis, the global equilibrium rests on the underlying solidarity between the United States and Western Europe—the Atlantic Alliance. Because of the French Communist party's united front tactic, currently termed Eurocommunism, this North Atlantic relationship will be at issue in the election. A victory of the Common Front could prove to be a first critical step in the detachment of Western Europe from North America—that is to say, in the isolation of the United States. I have been continuing these comments on Eurocommunism because of this estimate of the importance of the political shifts in France, first of all, and in Italy, Spain, and Great Britain. I add a few miscellaneous data before suspending this series, which I plan to reopen as the date nears for the French election.

1. There was worldwide comment last winter when Georges Marchais announced that the French Communist party was abandoning as outmoded the concept of the "dictatorship of the proletariat." No notice has been taken of the fact that "dictatorship of the proletariat" was dropped in the new Soviet constitution that Leonid Brezhnev presented this spring. Nor of the fact that "dictatorship of the proletariat" continues to be listed as an objective of the French Communist party in its official statutes.

2. No Communist party that has achieved governmental power has ever subsequently been replaced by any other party or parties. This is a generalization without exception up to the present—sixty years after the first Communist-run government came into being. It has held true for the Soviet Communist party and for all other governing Communist parties, pro-Soviet and anti-Soviet.

3. For the past several months there has been a running dispute among the three parties of the French Common Front over revision of the 1974 Common Program. The sharpest disagreements have been over economic nationalization. The 1974 Program calls for nationalization of all large-scale business enterprises. The Communists —who dominate the French trade unions—have proposed a clause under which a majority of the workers in any privately owned enterprise of any size could decide to have it nationalized.

The International Movement

4. At a meeting of European Communist party representatives held last March in West Germany, a reporter asked the Italian delegate what the attitude of the Italian party would be in the case of actual hostilities between the Soviet Union and Western Europe. To this question (which is usually evaded by Italian Communist spokesmen) the delegate replied that his party's sympathy would necessarily be with the Soviet Union.

5. At an international Communist meeting held in Prague at the end of April 1977—two months after the 22nd Congress of the French Communist party had unanimously approved the independence-plus-democracy line —Paul Courtier, the spokesman of the French party, stated: "We realize, Georges Marchais has confirmed, that each Communist party is reinforced by the active solidarity manifested in combat by all the avant-garde workers' parties in all countries. It is this reciprocal solidarity that expresses the proletarian internationalism that unites under a single banner all Communist parties. Proletarian internationalism is by its nature indivisible. We know no other form of internationalism superior to it, and even less could we accept the idea of seeing it cut into regional slices."

6. In the sixty years since the Bolshevik coup, the Kremlin (i.e., the leadership of the Soviet CP) has confronted deviant tendencies in non-Soviet Communist parties thousands of times. If these are minor, they can be (and in the past 15 years usually have been) disregarded, or handled by persuasion, bribery, buttering up, or other informal give and take. If they are serious there is a standard scenario.

The deviant party splits, and divides into a Moscow-oriented and a non- (or less-) Moscow-oriented organization. Usually, though not always, the Moscow-oriented segment has been the majority and retains the apparatus. As a result of this process there are at present in the world several thousand organizations claiming to be "Communist" or some variation thereof.

We have, therefore, a reliable test for determining whether the alleged independence of a non-Soviet Communist party is a serious threat to Soviet foreign policy and strategy. If it is, and if the deviant party resists Soviet pressures to get back sufficiently in line, then there will be a purge or split through which it becomes clear which organization of Communists in the given country is "Moscow-oriented."

Drawing the Line

It is possible that the purpose of Moscow's harsh (though quickly softened) attack on the minor, volatile, and relatively weak Eurocommunist, Santiago Carrillo, was to remind the powerful French and Italian parties that the line has to be drawn somewhere. Tactical twists to smooth the revolutionary road will upset Bolshevik purists, but no doubt must be endured in this permissive age. However, no true Communist, Moscow is suggesting, can tolerate a strategic shift that plays into the hands of the enemy.

7. Although the victory of the French Common Front looks probable as of now, it is not certain. Even if the Front wins the small popular majority now indicated by the polls, this may not bring a majority in the Assembly, because the electoral rules favor the conservative rural areas. Helping Marchais spread the idea that the French Communists have really been born again as patriotic democratic socialists doesn't seem the most effective way to assure the Front's defeat. □

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With an assist from Sean Dublin Bay Loftus and no assist from T. Duffy, Conor Cruise O'Brien lost his seat in the Dáil. Does that mean the Ireland of 1916 is alive and suicide-bound? Not necessarily

How the Cruiser Was Grounded and Finn MacCool Returned

HUGH KENNER

I HAD SOME business in Ireland with a man named Bloom, and by an implacability of scheduling arrived there toward the climax of the summer's excitement. With the Republic papered with posters and wired for sound sea to sea, 375 assorted patriots, competing for 148 seats in the Dáil Eireann, were abroad addressing rallies, ringing doorbells, asserting that the other lot was not fit to be washed, arranging for mass resurrections from Glasnevin Cemetery, and in other ways as well affirming the health of parliamentary democracy among a people whose talents in that line have been exported as far afield as Cook County, Ill.

An election anywhere is a communal madness, fittest to be described by the conventions of science fiction. An entire harassed people shouts and dances its way through a space-warp into a domain where words and doings come unhitched from all normal significance and, after wild ritual gyrations there, emerges again into Newtonian space, having somehow agreed to submit for several years to a minimally altered pattern of harassments. No one afterward can quite agree on how it all happened, though The People are conceded to have Spoken, amid such intoxication it is true as attended the speech of oracles in Greece. What did they say? Wild stammering words, which only the new government is authorized to interpret.

The new government in Ireland as of this summer is Jack Lynch's Fianna Fáil, generally translated "soldiers of destiny." Here Dinneen's Irish Dictionary is of more help than the phrase books. The Fianna, in a tongue few Irishmen speak and fewer still really know, were the troops of Finn MacCool, under whom in a legendary time they were all defeated like most good Irish things. Finn was 15 cubits tall and is thought to be sleeping underground, ready to return at his country's need. Fáil (rhyme it with foil) is still more romantic, the possessive form of Fál, the stone at Tara that was supposed to shriek on the inauguration of the rightful monarch of all Ireland: "destiny" indeed.

So Jack Lynch in this claptrap theater would be playing MacCool *redivivus*, though what was chiefly to be heard shrieking the day after his election was the English press, in whose soothsayers' judgment he boded no good at all, being allegedly soft on Northern terror. The English press, like the good grey *Irish Times*, which ran a Dewey-defeats-Truman kind of headline before the counting of votes had even started, would have preferred to see Liam Cosgrave's Coalition continue to bumble as it has since 1973.*

Part of the Coalition was Labor, in no sense an Irish word. The rest was Cosgrave's Fine Gael (Fine, two syllables, family, tribe; Gael, come on, you know that one). The Coalition's great virtue was its freedom from IRA influence, its great defect a talent for milling confusion that seemed inordinate even by Irish standards. Last year the Dáil even heard a speech in praise of the earthworm, which seemed at the time as pertinent as most other exchanges. In doing nothing as in doing most things there are styles, and the Coalition's style was never masterly.

Doing nothing may not in itself have been the worst of courses. It is hard to know what they ought to have done about anything. Not only was all Europe in a slump, Britain, to whose currency Ireland's is linked, exported its inflation Eireward week by week, and the rate by election day had reached something like 16 per cent, while parts of Western Ireland went on being poorer than the Italian Mezzogiorno. More than half the population must rely on the Department of Social Welfare at some time in their lives, and much of what passes for a work-force is on disguised welfare.

While I was staying there a year ago, four cheery men in the pay of the Dublin Corporation spent 11 days just outside our front gate watching a large hole in the pavement, for fear no doubt someone might steal it and cut it up into little pieces for sale to a golf course. The hole had been dug by workers making an electrical repair. It was eventually filled by another gang, for paving over by yet another; in the interim the Fearless Four stood guard one by one in rotation, while three mates stayed in their little tent out of the cold playing non-stop cribbage, cooking bacon, brewing tea. It made better sense, friends explained, to keep the four on the "job" than shift them frankly to the welfare rolls. It's not that they were lazy; real jobs just didn't exist.

Mr. Kenner is the author of, among other things, Dublin's Joyce.

*And God help the Irish people if a government did anything but bumble. One remembers James Joyce's quipping fellow with the fleas: "By the hoky fiddle, thanks be to Jesus these funny little chaps are not unanimous. If they were they'd walk me off the face of the bloody globe."

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Despite savage rates of taxation it is hard to know where the money comes from to support all this idleness even minimally. The self-employed in particular run revenuers a stiff race, on the sensible principle that cash is too scarce to be just handed over to a bureaucrat. Physicians collect their fees in untraceable currency; small businesses keep wondrous casual books. A year ago tax-dodgers were being offered amnesty with only two conditions. There would be no prosecutions and no penalties if by a set deadline (beyond which, unthinkable terrors) the feckless would do just two things: 1) arrange to pay their back taxes, 2) explain how they had stayed uncaught for so long, a thing the Ministry really needed to know.

Meanwhile, efforts to create non-hole-watching jobs have been turning Ireland into Europe's Taiwan, where a deft and low-priced labor force will assemble anything at all—slot machines, shoes, computer memories—in plants foreign corporations can close when a market shifts as fast as they opened them when the tax incentives glowed shamrock-green.

Such expedients, however unsatisfactory, do help meet hand-to-mouth problems in a country half of whose three million people are under 26, and whose schools disgorge another thirty thousand unemployed youths each summer. What on earth there may be to do with oneself after school is the massively unanswerable question for most of the country's adolescents.

The Coalition's line was, You Have a Good Government, Keep It. Fianna Fáil pledged to Get the Country Moving

Fianna Fáil pledged to get the country moving again. (On the boat to Holyhead?)

Again. (On the boat to Holyhead? one wag asked.) Its proposals dissolved, under hostile analysis, into big bold schemes for borrowing the land out of debt. A majority judged, according to one poll, that the country couldn't afford them, which didn't stop another majority, or the same one, from voting Fianna Fáil in.

As for the voters' mood, a sampling just before the day of decision told pollsters how much it mattered who won:

A great deal	30 per cent
Quite a lot	26
Not very much	30
Not at all	13

That makes 43 per cent for little or no difference, not the mood of which landslides are normally made. Also 42 per cent thought the Coalition possessed the best cabinet talent, though 54 per cent preferred Mr. Lynch for Taoiseach. (This is pronounced T-shock and means something like "chief"; though cynics remark a semantic analogy with Duce and Führer, not even the most caustic foes of mild Jack Lynch detect in him any aptitude for one-man rule. His peculiar skill, says one political enemy, is for reassuring equally any two groups whose simultaneous contentment would be impossible had they access to the same set of facts.)

How all this contradiction and apathy issued in a Fianna Fáil triumph no one quite knows. Was Northern Ireland—important to only 14 per cent of those polled—secretly weightier than it seemed? Did the old romantic fantasies of the Isle united surge in impatience with the Coalition's slow unspectacular efforts to discourage support for the IRA?

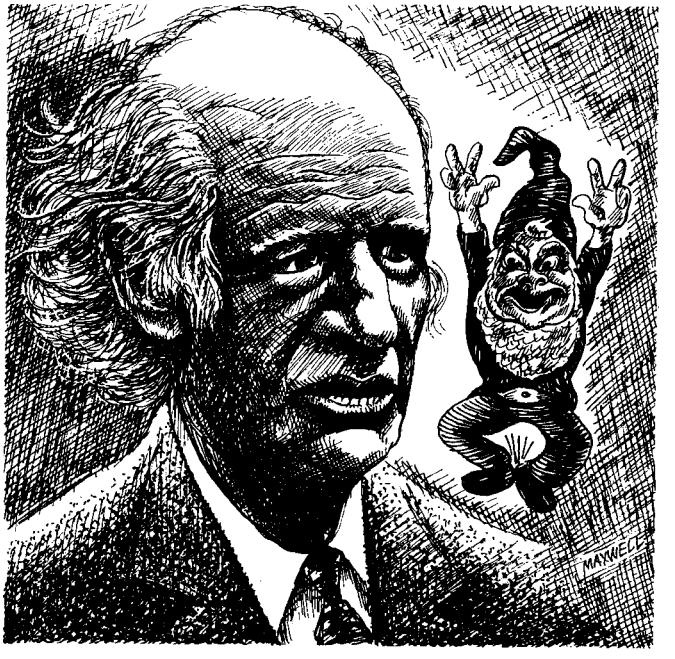
Color is lent such a supposition by the single election result that most riveted foreign attention, the booting of Dr. Conor Cruise O'Brien: in a good deal of outside judgment, mine included, the one prominent man in Eire who talks any sense at all about the North. Bernard Levin, the London *Times* columnist, once had a joke: a measure for the Northern situation's madness was the fact that Conor Cruise O'Brien of all people was the best guide to it. Later he realized that he wasn't joking. For myself, I have only to hear the analyses of my most intelligent and well-informed Irish friends to appreciate the sanity, in this sector at any rate, of the Cruiser.

The fact is, says my friend C, that the IRA however wrongheaded their methods have hold of the right end of the stick. Get the British out, that's all. Then . . . Then what? A bloodbath? No, says C, consciousness has evolved past bloodbaths. The two factions would come to recognize their common interest. (I should add that C is also a romantic Marxist, and finds a common interest for any oppressed in their opposition to capital.)

My friend N believes in a united Ireland under the tricolor and the Pope. In 95 percent Catholic Eire he can easily find a model for Protestant assimilation, can easily discount the obdurate fact that assimilation by an island-wide majority is exactly what the 65 per cent Protestant majority in the North most dreads.

Another friend asks if the martyrs of 1916 shall have died, after all these years, for a miserable partition.

Romance, romance, exclaims Conor Cruise O'Brien, whose wisdom on this topic consists in having no rapid solution. What he has to say can't be summarized in fewer



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than the 315 pages of his admirably readable *States of Ireland* (paperback revision, 1974). What he stands for is well summarized (the *Times*, June 21) by Bernard Levin, who, while noting that on other fronts the Cruiser "has too often, by his words and actions, given comfort to the vile," asserts his lucidity on the Northern Question.

"For Conor Cruise O'Brien to suggest that the one million Irish Protestants in the North also have a right to self-determination not only caused stupefaction and horror among his compatriots but endangered his life, not to mention his seat in the Dáil. But he did not stop there; he went on to attack the upas-tree of Irish folly at its very root by attacking . . . the myth of 1916 itself": the myth modern Ireland is founded on, the myth of the 16 martyrs, a myth which he saw was not only engulfing the Republic in fantasy, but was "encouraging the belief that the IRA is in some way engaged on the 'liberation' of Northern Ireland."

THE SEAT in the Dáil was not merely endangered but lost. Meanwhile Fianna Fáil's Charlie Haughey, the center seven years ago of an arms-running scandal in which he was romantically if somewhat technically* acquitted, rode to glory by a thumping majority. Was this symbolism designed by the electorate? Was their repudiation of the Cruiser, their opting for a Fianna Fáil government that will surely feature Charlie Haughey, part of a defiant message to the civilized world? Is Romantic Ireland not only dismayingly alive but suicide-bound?

The answer, Not necessarily, commences from the fact that Haughey was enthroned and O'Brien repudiated by two different sets of voters. Haughey stood in Dublin-Artane. Conor Cruise O'Brien failed—narrowly—in Dublin-Clontarf, a working-class district on the upper shore of the Bay where he had won twice previously.

This time he campaigned under several disadvantages. His stand on Northern Ireland was not intelligible if you bought the myth of 1916 on which the mystique of the Republic is founded. (How many of his constituents buy that myth I don't know.) He was minister in a government of which the electorate had grown more tired than most polls indicated. And as Minister of Posts and Telegraphs he was apt to be saddled with responsibility for any TV program any voter disliked, as well as for the vagaries of a phone system that would give Ma Bell's hottest detractors pause.

Should you want one of the instruments for some reason —e.g., a wife with a bad heart—you might be three years getting it. Should you have one, you might find its habits unamusing. Hang up, for instance, and the chances are you are not disconnected from your party, on whose later calls you are often listening in when you next pick up the receiver.

For some months in 1976 the *Irish Times* kept a "Calling Dr. O'Brien" box on its letters page, affirming the tacit point that one didn't communicate with the Minister by post because the post—another of his responsibilities—wasn't reliable either. "Calling Dr. O'Brien" registered its finest hour when someone hand-delivered a letter to the *Irish Times* to report that the number you called to report telephones out of order was out of order.

Whether any of this lies within the Minister's power is less germane than the fact that the Minister seemed always to be engaged on something else: helping make Northern policy for instance, or instructing the Bishop of Limerick on faith and morals.

Still, into his district, bruised but unbowed by bad jokes about the phone and the telly, Dr. O'Brien sallied forth to campaign, one day with the *Irish Times*' inimitable Maeve Binchy in tow. "He's not one to dawdle on doorsteps," she reports, "and he doesn't seem unduly grateful when he hears people are supporting him. He gives the impression they are doing the only sensible thing, and nods approval."

Miss Binchy also reports: "Don't bother going in there, the woman is dead now," to which Conor, "It wouldn't stop her voting for Fianna Fáil"; also this wonderment:

" 'I'm only concerned about prices, nothing else,' said a woman.

" 'We're very concerned about prices,' said Conor.

" 'Well, wouldn't you do something about them then?' she suggested.

" 'We have, we took VAT off food.'

" 'You took what off food?'

" 'VAT, it's a tax that Fianna Fáil had put onto it.'

" 'Well, maybe you should put it back on again—food was cheaper under them,' she said."

(Nobody, Miss Binchy reports, asked him about the North.)

After all that and much else, the Cruiser was forced, like every other candidate, to run the gantlet of Ireland's voting

Why were mad folk permitted to vote? I asked. Why not? he rejoined

system, which takes time to explain. It was designed to prevent sweeping majorities, on the principle that in a 5 per cent Protestant country simple majorities would ensure a 148-seat Dáil with not even a few token Protestants in it. But the system has evolved into an instrument of such subtlety as only the life-long Irish voter has mastered. New nuances are discoverable at every turn, and lore is divulged to the young on long winter nights quite as if a new sexual rapture was in question.

The usual result of all this electoral cunning is to keep anybody from getting a clear majority at all, which is why the last time around Fine Gael had to govern with the support of Labor.

The theme is this, that you more cunningly employ your vote the more closely you figure what other people are likely to do with theirs. (And they are thinking similarly.) For you have one vote (not a dozen as foreigners may suppose), but it does not just drop into the box and stay there. No, in the process of counting, it ricochets about like a ping-pong ball in a room full of mousetraps.

In any constituency there are three or four or even five seats to be filled from a slate of perhaps eight or nine candi-

*He was acquitted on exactly the charge that was brought, namely bringing guns *into* the Republic. What guns may have found their way out of the Republic into the North, and how, was a question on which the court didn't rule.

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dates. Now here is Mr. Big, who has easily swept the poll with thousands of superfluous votes. Is it not a pity those votes should be used in driving an already driven nail? Might their owners not want to transfer them to a second choice? Indeed they might, and may. And as for the supporters of Mr. Small, who drew far too few votes to be visible, they too need not have wasted their franchise but may have a second chance likewise, even a third, a fourth . . . Everything counts, all kinds of ways.

The mechanics are simple. You are given a list of candidates, and number as many as you choose in order of preference. The names are alphabetically listed, and numbskull voters will number them in order, which makes it desirable for candidates to be near the head of the alphabet and explains why an O'Byrne some years ago had his name changed to Byrne. (The Cruiser got himself listed as Cruise O'Brien, fourth on a slate of twelve.)

The names are also tagged by party affiliation, but only if the party is a properly constituted one, which explains why a man named Sean Loftus, running on the slogan Save Dublin Bay, got his name legally changed this year to Sean Dublin Bay Loftus after the authorities declined to list Save Dublin Bay among the authorized parties. The words on the ballot stirred many memories, and Sean Dublin Bay Loftus, running in Clontarf, though not elected still helped interfere with Conor Cruise O'Brien's electability.

For there are endless nuances. You may number only two or three names, which means that after their fortunes are settled your vote will do no one else any good at all (so there). You may decide that the herd will elect your favorite anyway, so give him your Number Two or Three, throwing your first weight toward your second choice. You may . . .

Well, such mad combinations may occur as caused the counting in Mullingar, a while back, to take three weeks. All the population of the local madhouse had voted, in combinations so intricate as not to be believed. Why were mad folk permitted to vote? I asked my informant. Why not? he rejoined. (I was silent, thinking of Dick and Jimmy.) And indeed there was a minor Irish scandal this year when one girl was refused her ballot on the trivial ground that she could neither read nor speak nor in any way make known her choice of candidates. Indignation was rife at this denial of the franchise. Whoever is of age and can be carried to the polls has normally the franchise, and party workers are quite glad to help bewildered old women, not to mention electors who have merely died.

Then the counting. In Clontarf, with three of 12 to be elected, the count of first-preferences put a man named Colley easily on top, a Mr. M. J. Cosgrave second, Conor Cruise O'Brien third. O'Brien in? Not yet. Colley's surplus over what was needed to elect him was then distributed among the rest, and this distribution did O'Brien no good at all (not one Colley supporter named the Cruiser as second choice), while heavily advantaging a man named Woods who had polled fourth.

At this stage the low man was eliminated, a certain Malone, who had polled just forty votes out of 30,963, and Malone's second choices were next distributed (O'Brien up one, Woods up three, etc.). Again the bottom man was dropped, and *his* second choices distributed. And again, and again . . . And on the ninth count—which is why results are apt to take all day—the valiant Sean Dublin Bay Loftus was finally excluded, and it was his second-preference votes that decided the election. Cosgrave got some, and Woods some, and Cruise O'Brien some but not enough; and Cosgrave (originally Number Two) and Woods (originally Number Four) were elected, and O'Brien was out, and Bernard Levin saw the cue to pull all his apocalyptic stops.

With every detail of the nationwide count particularized on four pages of newsprint, there exist data aplenty to fill the pubs till next winter with arguments about just how it all came about. One sure thing, O'Brien's running-mate (Duffy, T.) did him no good at all, pulling so few votes (917) that his weight after he'd been eliminated weighed on O'Brien's scales like an anemic mouse.

And nationwide, how came it the polls and the bookies (both of whom predicted a narrow Coalition victory) turned out to be so wrong, as Fianna Fáil swept to the largest majority in history?

By one theory, the Coalition lost because it failed to publicize the sort of poll parties normally hush up, a poll of its own that showed it was in trouble. So the idea that it was safely ahead went unchallenged, and voters erroneously thinking other voters were pushing it in thought they would accept its return but punish its presumption just a little. And they overdid it, like slapping your dog and having him drop dead.

So it's over for now, and according to one old lady even the defeated have this compensation, that as former members of the Dáil they are entitled to free cat food for life. Yes, free cat food, and she knew it for a fact; it was one of the perquisites of office, everybody knows that, and the gel from the *Irish Times* was an ignorant gel indeed not to know it.

If (as let us hope) she was correctly informed, the Cruiser has at least free cat food for life, assuming (as let us hope) he keeps a cat. And elections everywhere go on being communal madness, but the best we can do. And the guns go on sounding in the North. □

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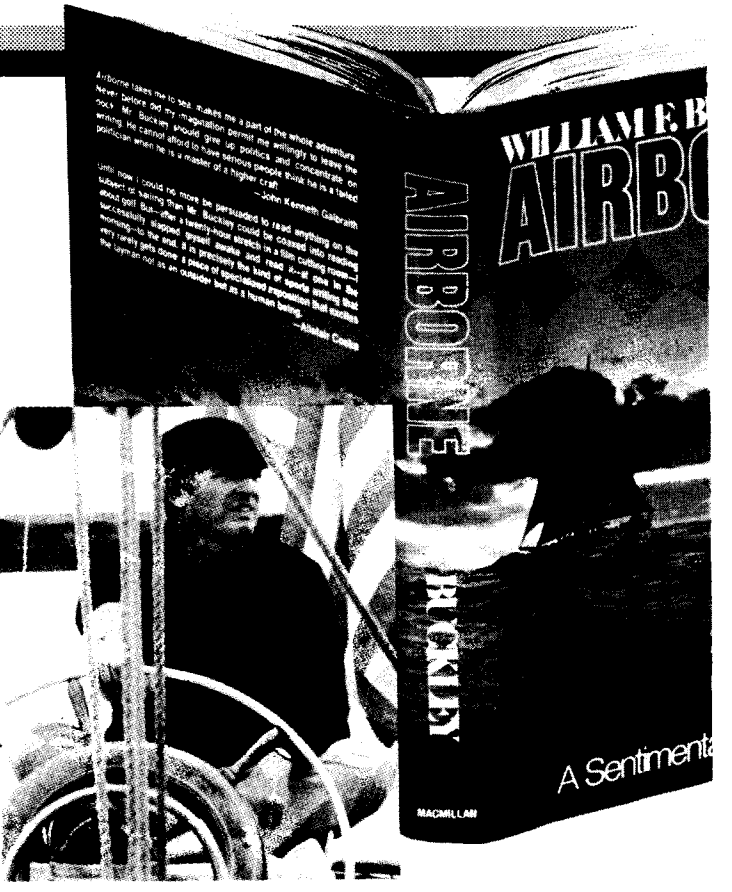

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"It's the best book Buckley has ever written---full of zest f living, passion for sailing and delight in people. It's a read for a seasons."

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Sailors will find it enjoyable, instructive and occasionally isturbing. Buckley fanciers ... will find whole feasts of intimate etails of Buckley's personal life to reinforce their passions."

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----- **David Brudnoy**

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Will Herberg: A Tribute.

WHEN CLASSIFYING the varieties of a product (wine, cheese, book, cattle, soldier) in their orderly way, the French sometimes place one item under the designation, *hors catégorie*: outside of, beyond, any class or category; special, uniquely individual. We say a man is a lawyer, doctor, farmer, mechanic, or parson. In doing so we are telling something about this individual man but at the same time affirming that he is the same as many other men belonging to the class in which we have placed him. As we read these essays about Will Herberg, written by friends and colleagues who knew Will and his works for many years, that French phrase somehow swam into sight. Will Herberg was *hors catégorie*. After knowing him even briefly, you never found yourself saying or thinking, "He reminds me of X," or "Isn't he a lot like Y?" He wasn't like anyone at all except Will Herberg.

For convenience you might say that Will Herberg was a theologian, a trade union official, a philosopher, an ex-revolutionary, a lecturer, a conservative, a scholar, a teacher, a liberal. For those who knew him, none of these standardized terms seems to get very far. "Philosopher" couldn't prepare you for his relentless sense of fact that no abstractions ever diverted. Who would imagine that a profound Jewish theologian could be a no less profound Christian theologian? No respectable conservative could have such liberal views on labor. How could a contemporary scholar be a scholar of everything? Abstractions seemed too thin, too wide-meshed, when applied to Will Herberg; he couldn't be caught in their net. Will was *hors catégorie*.

To complete the labeling confusion: in renouncing the grandiose ideology of Marxism, supreme heresy of our era, he had abandoned all ideology forever. He was to spend the rest of his life seeking, testing, and finding the truth, not some all-purpose, pre-packaged substitute.

We are grateful to these six friends of Will Herberg who have written the essays we publish here in his honor and to his memory. —THE EDITORS

A Biographical Sketch

by Seymour Siegel

WILL HERBERG'S odyssey reflects the great traumatic events of our time. His movement from Communism to Jewish faith, from radicalism to conservatism, mirrors the struggles and agonies of many who have tried to make sense of the events of our tragic century.

Herberg grew up in a home devoid of formal religion, his parents being part of the Russian-Jewish intelligentsia who had abandoned the beliefs of their childhood; but the atmosphere was permeated by the peculiar Jewish sensitivity to the unredeemed quality of present existence. To Herberg, Marxism came to seem the best way to bring about the hoped-for salvation. At an early age he put his remarkable ability to master complicated ideas at the service of the Communists. He edited their journals, explained obscure passages in the Marxist scriptures, and dedicated his life to bringing others under the radical dispensation. He and his devoted wife, Anna, decided to live in the slums and ghettos of New York in order to attract the disaffected to the true gospel of Marxism.

In 1929 he broke with the Marxist mainstream and joined a splinter group, editing an independent Marxist weekly, *Workers Age*. This first break with the official "church" was a fissure which was to widen until he reached the conclusion that his Marxist faith was delusive and demonic: delusive, because it promised a salvation it could not deliver; demonic, because its very failure caused its believers to deny reality, morality, and even their own identity. So this passionate believer was left floundering and anxious, with an aching void at the center of his soul. Fortunately, he soon encountered Reinhold Niebuhr. Niebuhr's faith in God as the source of Ultimate Salvation, his explication of the idolatrous pretensions of Marxism, and his efforts to improve the human estate within the possibilities of flawed human nature led Herberg from social theory to theology.

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After several soul-wrenching meetings, Herberg declared his desire to embrace Christianity. Niebuhr counseled him to look first at his Jewish heritage. Across the street from Niebuhr's Union Theological Seminary was the Jewish Theological Seminary, where Herberg went to study. He was overwhelmed by the works of the great Jewish theologians. Here was a faith he could enthusiastically accept. He became, I believe, the only Jewish ex-Marxist to turn to theology after abandoning the false god of Communism.

During the Forties, while he was earning a living as the educational director for an International Ladies' Garment Workers' local, he was meeting regularly with a group of young Jewish theological students, working out and explicating the faith of Judaism as he had found it. I remember vividly attending these meetings and being overwhelmed by the sheer power of Herberg's intellect and his passionate involvement in what he was saying. Out of these encounters came Herberg's remarkable statement of Jewish faith, *Judaism and Modern Man*, published in 1951. His existentialist brand of Jewish theology struck a resonant chord in the hearts of many, within the Jewish community and beyond, who were searching for roots and inspiration. However, Herberg was never comfortable within the established Jewish community; nor were some of its leaders comfortable with this passionate, strong-willed, newly arrived theologian. To them, his fresh interpretation of Judaism was too pessimistic about human nature, too much anchored in the Transcendent, too uncompromising about modern man's substitute faiths.

Eventually, Herberg moved into the academic world, teaching social philosophy and Judaic thought at Drew University (a Methodist institution). He became interested in the sociology of American religion and produced one of the standard works in that field, *Protestant–Catholic–Jew*.

It was Herberg's theology, which stressed the precariousness of human schemes for salvation and the ambiguous character of human nature, that led him to abandon his liberal politics in favor of conservatism. He began to realize the importance of structure, tradition, and law in disciplining and restraining a recalcitrant human nature. He stressed the importance of protecting the fabric of society against the corrosive influences of modernity. He became a member of the editorial board of NATIONAL REVIEW and wrote important articles on developments in American religion. He did not view with favor the efforts to change the forms of traditional religion, and was especially skeptical of Vatican II.

Herberg was a conservative Jew. He believed with Franz Rosenzweig that Judaism and Christianity were two equal covenants, one made with the children of Abraham, the other with the nations of the world. He was able to influence Christians as well as Jews, and though, like other passionate believers, he could not fit himself into the structure and, sometimes, the trivialities of institutional religion, he became the mentor of some of the leading spokesmen of American religion.

For Herberg was a great teacher. Before the ravages of disease overwhelmed him, it was impossible to encounter Herberg either in a classroom or in conversation without being transformed. He was possessed by what he was teaching. I recall Ursula Niebuhr remarking that Paul of Tarsus must have looked and spoken like Will Herberg.

In his last years a tumor began eating away at his extraordinary brain. His powers began to wane. Even so, he held on as long as he could. He had a thirst to teach; he wanted with all his heart and all his might and all his soul to convince that only a Transcendent God could be a reliable guide in navigating the dangerous currents of modern life. In the end he was broken by the cancer that had invaded his body. He no doubt met his Maker with a smile of recognition. He had, after all, fought so hard to find his way into His presence.

The rabbis say: He who devotes himself to the Torah merits many things. He is called a beloved friend, one who loves God and loves His creatures. □

Bernhard W. Anderson *is a professor of Old Testament theology at Princeton Theological Seminary.* . . . **Lewis S. Feuer** *is a professor of sociology at the University of Virginia.* . . . **Nathan Glazer**'*s latest book is* Affirmative Discrimination. . . . **Donald G. Jones** *is an associate professor of religion at Drew University.* . . . **Fritz A. Rothschild** *teaches the philosophy of religion at Jewish Theological Seminary.* . . . **Seymour Siegel** *is a professor of theology at Jewish Theological Seminary.*

Herberg as Sociologist

by Nathan Glazer

IN THE COURSE of his passage from Communism in the 1920s to theology in the 1950s, Will Herberg became, for a time, a sociologist. Not that I believe he ever called himself a sociologist, but he wrote a book of classic quality on American ethnicity and religion, *Protestant–Catholic–Jew: An Essay in American Religious Sociology* (Doubleday, 1955). The book received encomia on its appearance, which is true of many books that are seen with the passage of time not to be worthy of them. But *Protestant–Catholic–Jew* stands as the most substantial and stimulating large-canvas effort to deal with religion in America in the 1950s.

Herberg, coming to religion from a radical past, was able to approach it from a unique perspective. On the basis of his experience in radical movements and the Jewish labor movement, he was able to see that behind the religious revival were the workings and workings-out of the most distinctive element of American society, its ethnic diversity; from the religious perspective to which he had moved, he was also able to see how distantly related to the true ends of religion was the American religious revival of the 1950s. It is rare that this double perspective is available to the sociologist of religion, and it is even rarer to find it in someone with Her-

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berg's scholarship, insight, and commitment to hard intellectual work.

A Jew by Religion

The principal theses of *Protestant–Catholic–Jew* are well known. America was built on ethnic diversity. Each ethnic group came with its own religion, its own variant of Protestantism, Catholicism, Judaism. Ethnic groups were under pressure to Americanize, to lose their distinctive foreign traits. They responded to these pressures; but they also retained, by way of religion, their distinctive commitment to their various ethnic backgrounds. It was better to be a Jew by religion than a Jew by ethnicity and national attachment, easier because one could not be attacked for dual loyalty (all religion was good in America, particularly in the age of Eisenhower), and because religious attachments did not evoke the suspicion of insufficient Americanization.

In the same way, Herberg went on to suggest, it was easier or better to be Catholic than Italian or Irish, Lutheran than German. Building on the work of others in this field, such as Richard Niebuhr and Ruby Jo Reeves, he was able to highlight the source of so much of the dissatisfaction with the religious revival, which he showed was in good part a by-product of the acculturation of the ethnic group. But, he also argued, people did not want to assimilate to the point of accepting a bland and undifferentiated "American" identity.

This is a rapidly changing country. Many of the books that were so valuable in shaping our self-image in the 1950s would appear, as reporting, grossly outdated today. As analysis of basic trends, though, I would argue they are not irrelevant; and *Protestant–Catholic–Jew* is still the first book I would give to anyone interested in the sociology of American religion. It has its defects. Perhaps one of the principal ones is that Herberg's thesis is built on Jewish experience; it was undoubtedly the case that Jews, having the opportunity to define themselves in religious or ethnic–national terms, were choosing increasingly the religious identification. One could detect, to some degree, the same development among Catholic ethnic groups, and more doubtfully among Protestant.

But the eclipse of ethnicity, as it turned out, was temporary—as was the institutional health of religion. Ethnic loyalties became once again legitimate because of the example given by blacks, Mexican-Americans, Puerto Ricans, and American Indians, and because that purely institutional religion that so dominated the 1950s began to appear bland and irrelevant, incapable of reaching to deep, or if you will existential, human concerns. Herberg, in that book, could not possibly have predicted the remarkable developments which gave new respectability, even to the point of civil divisiveness, to ethnicity. But he assessed exactly the role of religion, properly understood, in the religious revival of the 1950s. He wrote:

> Americans fill the houses of worship, but their conceptions, standards, and values, their institutions and loyalties, bear a strangely ambiguous relation to the teachings that the churches presumably stand for. . . . Of the very same Americans who so overwhelmingly affirm their belief in God and their membership in the historic churches, a majority also affirm, without any sense of incongruousness, that their religion has little to do with their politics or business affairs, except to provide sanction and drive. Most of the other activities of life—education, science, entertainment—could be added to the list; they too apparently operate under their own rules, with religion invoked as a "spiritual" embellishment and a useful sustaining force. . . .
>
> Both the "religionists" and the "secularists" cherish the same basic values and organize their lives on the same fundamental assumptions—values and assumptions defined by the American Way of Life.

It was only from the perspective of faith that Herberg could make this criticism. Yet even so it was a remarkably balanced one: Herberg saw the virtues of the American way of life (even when capitalized), as he also saw its distance from religious faith. His conclusion is one that we would want to ponder today:

> But even the more conventional forms of American religion, for all their dubiousness, should not be simply written off by the man of faith. Even in this ambiguous structure there may be elements and aspects—not always those, incidentally, that seem most prepossessing to us today—which could in the longer view transform the inner character of American religion and bring it closer to the faith it professes. Nothing is too unpromising or refractory to serve the divine will. After all, the God Who is able to make the "wrath of man" to praise Him (Ps. 76:10) is surely capable of turning even the intractabilities and follies of religion into an instrument of His redemptive purpose. □

Herberg as Political Philosopher

by Lewis S. Feuer

Will Herberg was among the company of those, like Arthur Koestler, Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, and Ignazio Silone, whose political philosophy was shaped by a total immersion in the Communist movement, from which they emerged, over long painful years, through a religious mode of thought. Will used to speak of how he had participated in the "entrapment" of others into works of evil. Only toward the end of his life did he allow himself to grow sentimental toward the "movement" as it had been in the Twenties.

Herberg asked himself the question that Koestler's protagonist raised in *Darkness at Noon*—"Rubashov, what about the infinite?"—and it sent him off on a life-long intellectual search. At first, in the early Forties, he tried to salvage from his experience what he called a "personalist socialism." Like others, he recognized that political organization, collectivities, and power are required in order to achieve human betterment, but when these means are perverted into ends, what ensues is hierarchy, bureaucracy, and totalitarianism.

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Herberg hoped that a "personalist socialism," founded on the supreme value of the human personality, would be a socialism with its moral faith restored; yet, as a realistic sociologist, he believed that the probabilities were against this outcome: "collectivism *in its very nature* operates powerfully to promote totalitarianism."

McCarthy and Hitler

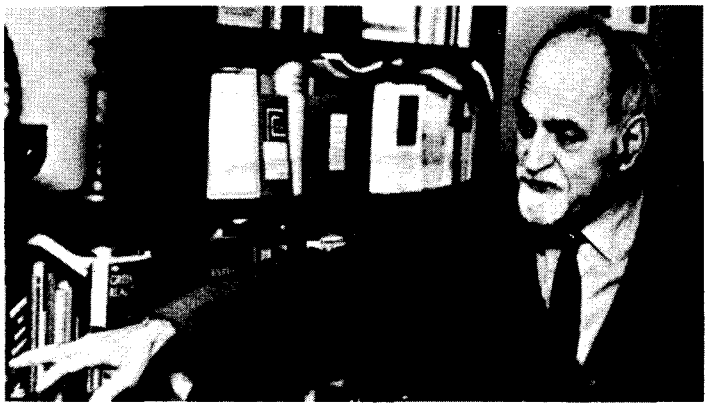
Even when he was still an active member of the trade union movement, Will had realized that this applied to that movement as well. By the very nature of large-scale organization, the union idealist would inevitably become the union bureaucrat. Worse: the union officer could impose a tyranny more abject than any bourgeois "boss" would dare to.

Thus Herberg was impelled to inquire more deeply into the process by which evil was engendered in presumptively idealistic social movements. Part of the answer, he found, was that a mythology, an "ersatz religion," was embedded in even such an ideology as Communism, which, on the face of it, denied religion. Before Bertrand Russell did so, Herberg had formulated the "transformation equations" between Marxism and Christianity: to the Christian triad of Paradise, the Fallen State, and the Kingdom of Heaven, there corresponded the Marxist triad of Primitive Communism, Class Society, and the Classless Culmination; to the Church and Last Judgment, there corresponded the Marxist Party and Proletarian Revolution.

At first Herberg believed he was showing that every philosophy had to be founded on a mythology. As time went on, however, he was led toward what might be called "the fallacy of the misplaced myth": the view that myths have no place in scientific or political reasoning; that they are dramatic postulates appropriate only to that realm where verification is utterly impossible; that religion, by providing a channel for such dramatic postulates, kept politics practical.

Religion was thus not an opiate but a condition for sanity, and, where religious emotions were repressed, they tended to return covertly and express themselves in ideology. The "return of the repressed," moreover, is apt to take a cruel, fanatical form as the ideologist, struggling with and trying to toughen himself against religious anxieties, becomes a worshipper at the shrine of "the Revolution," and is rendered blind to the evils that it nurtures.

As Herberg became increasingly concerned with the safeguarding of individual rights, his political philosophy moved toward a "neo-liberalism" in the early Fifties, on the way toward his conservatism of the Sixties. The roots of Herberg's later conservatism were already present in the most powerful article he wrote in his "neo-liberal" phase, "McCarthy and Hitler: A Delusive Parallel." Herberg, bringing to bear his "biblical realism," demolished the myth of "McCarthyism" that was in formation (at least, demolished it intellectually: practically, it continued to flourish). He noted that McCarthy lacked all the essentials of the "totalitarian demagogue": he had "no machine, no party, no press, no agitators, no organization-builders," and he didn't seem to want any. He had never shown the slightest inclinations toward racism or antisemitism. He lacked the "demonic" element; he offered "no cause, no program, nothing" on which a "totalitarian mass movement" could be based.



Herberg was confident that American constitutional processes would reduce Senator McCarthy to his proper proportions. But psychologically, McCarthy had come to stand for something more in the leftist intellectual unconscious. Those who pleaded the Fifth Amendment in the McCarthy Era had long before pleaded the Fifth to the demands of their own consciences. There was the burden of the deceits and duplicities in which they had acquiesced; the Stalin regime's crimes which they had defended; the ethics of the teacher, scholar, scientist, or writer which they had violated. "McCarthyism" arose as the objectified form of their own festering, sick unconscious. Will Herberg's probing into the genesis of myth is especially timely today, when the rewriters of history for television, movies, and stage are laboring hard to revive the McCarthyist myth and to depict these pathetic, cowering, guilt-permeated leftists as heroic figures.

Herberg was a master analyst of the underlying character of the ideological personality. However, what he wrote on the degeneration of organizations relied perhaps too much on the view (shared with the liberal pragmatists) that corruption arose because the means preempted the end. Actually one often finds that the so-called means were the real, though tacit, end all the time. Stalin didn't seek total power in order to realize socialism; rather he became a socialist because that was the easiest way of acquiring the total power that his personality craved. It was not for nothing that the supreme Communist watchword has been "the conquest of power." Indeed, Herberg's own experience of guilt would not have been so intense if Communist evil had been simply a matter of means gone wrong.

Many of Will's oldest friends and associates disagreed with his argument that a religious foundation was essential to a wise political philosophy. To which he might have replied that unless they are founded on a religious substratum, our ethics will stand unstable and infirm. How can a person be regarded as an incommensurable end in himself if he is essentially and totally a configuration of physical particles? Suppress this political categorical imperative, and collective sadism necessarily follows; for no religious veto then interposes itself between man and his natural selfish and aggressive drives. Thus Will Herberg's standpoint merged, in effect, with Kant's philosophy, affirming that a religious postulate was the requirement of the practical political reason. □

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Herberg as Theologian of Christianity

by Bernhard W. Anderson

To speak of Will Herberg as a Christian theologian may seem as fantastic as to speak of the Pope as a Protestant. How can this be said of a man who, until his last breath, maintained his stance of Conservative Judaism?

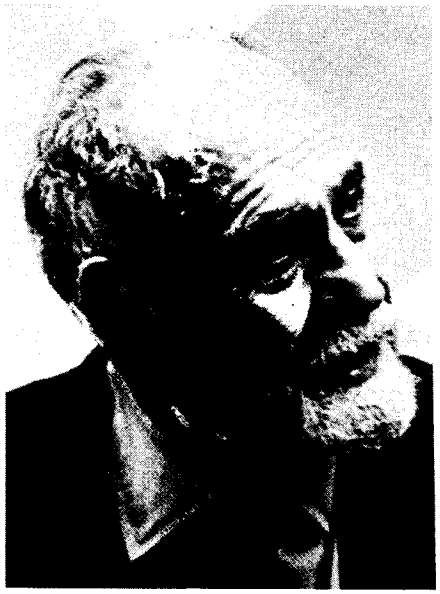
Despite the anomaly, it is a fact that no Christian theologian of the past generation has matched Herberg's ability to interpret and defend the Christian faith. During the more than two decades of his teaching at Drew University, where he was first Professor of Judaic Studies and Social Philosophy and subsequently graduate Professor of Philosophy and Culture, Christian students found themselves in the presence of a powerful thinker who insisted that they take seriously the apostolic faith of the New Testament, centering in the crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth. And, owing to his energetic schedule of speaking and writing—his *Faith Enacted as History* (Westminster) was published in the last year of his life—his influence extended far beyond his home university. Standing within the Jewish community, Herberg was a vigorous, incisive Christian apologist.

This role, puzzling to Jews and Christians alike, was based on a theological understanding achieved through a deep personal and intellectual struggle. Herberg's insight into the relationship between the two religions was influenced by Franz Rosenzweig's *The Star of Redemption.* Rosenzweig (who, like Herberg, was almost persuaded to become a Christian) maintained that the Jew, looking directly at the Star, is called out of the stream of history into eternal life, a life of immediate relationship to God. The Christian, on the other hand, is sent into the historical world and, with his back to the source of eternal life, takes part in a mission that represents the outgoing rays of the Star. "Israel," said Rosenzweig (in a passage quoted by Herberg in one of his essays), "can bring the world to God only through Christianity." Herberg, however, gave a new, more biblical twist to the understanding of the interrelationship of the two religions. Instead of thinking of a dialectical relation between the Eternal and the temporal, he proposed that both religions are fundamentally historical. Both share the view of a *Heilsgeschichte*, that is, a redemptive history or Sacred Story that moves from "first things" to "last things." The dramatic movement, he said, occurs in three acts: original rightness, the fallen state, and regained rightness in "the last day." The difference between Judaism and Christianity is one of vocation during the second act, that is, our present historical existence.

Herberg maintained that in the historical drama the task of the believing Jew is "to stand," to bear faithful witness to God's transcendence in his own existence. The task of the Christian, on the other hand, is "to go out" from Israel and to bring the Gentiles into the unfolding drama of God's redemptive purpose. According to this view, Jews and Christians belong to one people, they worship the one God, and they share one story; but to each God has given a special vocation. Hence, Jews and Christians need each other; they "stand united until the end of time in the struggle for the Lord of history against the pagan and idolatrous powers that threaten to overwhelm us from every side."

Herberg did not play down the differences between Judaism and Christianity. The separation between Christian and Jew, he said, arises over the answer to the question that Jesus put to his disciples: "Who do you say that I am?" Herberg insisted that the confession, "Jesus is the Christ" (that is, the Messiah), will mean much more for a Christian than it could possibly mean for a Jew. "For the Jew sees Jesus emerging from Israel and going forth; he sees him from the rear, as it were. The Christian, on the other hand, will see Christ as coming toward him, in the fullness of divine grace, to claim, to judge, and to save; he meets him as Paul met him on the road to Damascus or as Peter outside Rome, face to face in confrontation." Herberg insisted that Christians should take their own messianic faith seriously. Instead of reducing Jesus to the status of a moral teacher or a prophetic voice, they should behold him in his splendid uniqueness: the God-appointed and God-incarnate agent through whom the Gentiles are to be brought into the covenant.

In my conversations with Will Herberg, which continued unbroken for a number of years at periodic luncheon meetings, the "messianic" or "christological" question was not the one, paramount issue. He was more concerned to understand what Jew and Christian are called to be and to do now. Indeed, it is impossible to understand his theology apart from his intense intellectual struggle with the social realities of our time. Having had his taste of social liberalism during the period of his commitment to Marxism, he perceived the weakness of any social program or governmental policy that failed to take into account the weakness of human nature ("sin") and the dimension of divine transcendence ("judgment"). In Herberg's view, Christian faith is critical of all human institutions, all forms of government, all human achievements.



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This is the theological basis of the conservatism that drew Herberg toward NATIONAL REVIEW. He believed that the biblical-realist view is consonant with the American constitutional tradition, which puts checks and balances on the use of power and distrusts the ability of government to produce the good society. Any future social idealism will have to take into account Herberg's realism about human nature and his radicalism about divine transcendence, which brings all human efforts under judgment. □

Herberg as Jewish Theologian

by Fritz A. Rothschild

IT IS IRONIC that the publication of *Protestant–Catholic–Jew* deflected attention from Herberg's earlier book, *Judaism and Modern Man*, which appeared in 1951 and established him as a masterly interpreter of the Jewish faith. Many who regarded him as one of the wise men of our time never got around to exploring his first theological book and missed what remains his most important and comprehensive work.

Judaism and Modern Man offers an interpretation of historical Judaism as it is embodied in the biblical-rabbinic tradition. It deals with God and man, reason and revelation, the leap of faith and the quest for salvation, social ethics and the meaning of history, the meaning of Torah and the destiny of Israel. But it is more than a neutral, objective handbook on the Jewish religion. In its author's own words, it is also "a confession of faith and declaration of total commitment." It is this dual character which gives the book its particular flavor and value. Some writers on religion expound doctrines without ever touching the concrete human situation which gives rise to the religious quest. Others pour forth their personal anguish without allowing the classical documents of their tradition to speak for themselves. Herberg, who remained reticent throughout his eventful life, does not parade his personal anxieties and problems before his readers. But he makes excellent use of his own paradigmatic experience as a man whose trust in the idols of modernity has broken down and who is now ready to listen to the message of faith.

Herberg's views on biblical faith were decisively shaped by Reinhold Niebuhr, by Martin Buber, and, even more importantly, by Franz Rosenzweig, who moved from the Hegelian outlook of his younger days to discover the living God of the Bible—a God who must be encountered existentially and cannot be excogitated by the universal reason of the philosophers.

Finding his way to traditional Judaism, Herberg was not so much returning to what he had given up as encountering his ancestral heritage for the first time. Not having acquired a traditional Hebrew education in his youth, he made his way to the classical sources through the writings of Solomon Schechter and George Foot Moore and the instruction of Judaic scholars who became his friends, especially Professor Gerson D. Cohen and the late Rabbi Milton Steinberg. Perhaps the fact that he came to the world of traditional Judaism as an outsider—and thus could approach his subject without the usual preconceptions—contributed to the cogency and effectiveness of his book.

Against the Greco-Oriental type of religion, which affirms the divine as an immanent impersonal reality where salvation means surrender of individuality, Herberg points out that the biblical God is "transcendent, yet working in life and history, infinite yet personal, a God of power, justice, and mercy, but above all a holy God." Against the idolatries of modern Western culture, which either deify man or absolutize some partial and relative good such as science, democracy, or pleasure, he reminds us that the fundamental imperative of Hebraic faith is the law of love (Deut. 6:4-5), which asks man to give ultimate allegiance only to the true absolute, the living God who acts in history and who has called Israel to a life of service and obedience.

Although God transcends earthly reality, and the final consummation of his purpose will be a post-historical fulfillment in the *eschaton*, Judaism affirms the ultimate significance of what transpires here and now on earth. Nature is real and time is no illusion, for both are the creations of God. But neither nature nor time is self-subsistent or self-sufficient. History is the drama in which God and man jointly cooperate in order to realize the divine plan for the world. Hence religion is *Heilsgeschichte*, redemptive history, or, to use a term coined by Herberg, faith enacted as history.

Following Rosenzweig, Herberg interprets the Jewish celebration of the Sabbath and the annual festival cycle as the acting out of the great drama of creation, revelation, and redemption in the life of the covenant community whose very survival, suffering, and fulfillment of the commandments is a providentially established testimony to the Gentiles and a vital part of the divine economy, which also includes the mission of Christianity to the Gentiles.

His Great Contribution

Will Herberg never claimed to present an "original" theology; what he aimed for was authenticity and fidelity to the tradition and its development. Drawing upon the work of a wide range of Christian and Jewish theologians and Bible scholars, he fashioned a work which impresses one with the clarity of its structure, the dialectic development of its concepts, and the ability of its author to affirm biblical ideas without turning preachy or sentimental.

Speaking at the Jewish Theological Seminary of America in 1946, he complained that religion had declined into inexpert psychotherapy and an auxiliary agency for social reform. Against this trend he raised his voice and asked for a great theological reconstruction, distant alike from sterile fundamentalism and secularized modernism. In *Judaism and Modern Man*, and in a num-

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ber of essays and lectures, Will Herberg made a significant contribution to this great enterprise. His voice has now been stilled, but in his writings he speaks to us and future generations, instructing all who seek to rediscover their common heritage of Hebraic faith. □

Herberg as Teacher

by Donald G. Jones

WILL HERBERG was a research scholar of immense erudition and scope, a prolific craftsman of essays and books, and a scintillating public lecturer. But above all else, Will Herberg was a teacher. Teaching was his life. During boyhood days in Brooklyn, at the age of 12, he would read and interpret the Greek poets and dramatists to his mother and his brother, Ted, while they did piecework for the garment industry. Later, in high school, he tutored fellow students in subjects ranging from Shakespeare to calculus. Throughout his 21 years on the faculty at Drew University, he was the constant teacher, in and out of the classroom, wherever and whenever two or three (or more) would gather together in pursuit of an idea.

As the world was a parish for John Wesley, so the world was a classroom for Herberg. Whether it was instructing Sidney Hook in the Thirties on Marxist theory or advising Bill Buckley in the Seventies on proper deference to the Holy Father, Herberg seemed consumed with the mission to teach. He was, quite literally, a movable seminar.

As conservator of his correspondence and papers, I have been privy to the countless accolades which poured in from his former students on the occasion of his retirement. This brief assessment of Herberg's legacy as a teacher draws heavily on those letters (and on my own experience as his student). I truly believe that only those of us who had Will Herberg in the classroom can fully appreciate the use he made of his intellectual powers and his spiritual gifts.

He was a man of furious energy who always volunteered to teach more courses than the norm. In the academy, where professors are always jealous of their time, that fact bears remarkable witness to his commitment. In addition, he took on heavy loads of PhD and MA dissertation projects and extra tutorials, all the while continuing his own boundless research, writing, and outside lecturing. He would arrive in the classroom before most of his students, stand at the podium with lecture notes open ready to begin at the appointed time, and then, after a period of stunning intellectual excitement and no little drama, he would honor the schedules of his students by dismissing them exactly on time.

His classrooms were adventures not only in explorations across the objective terrain of ideas and events, but in self-knowledge. Many of us learned in dialogue with Will Herberg not just the structure of Hegel's system or the thought of Augustine but—equally important—the historical, philosophical, or theological bearing of our own thought. Herberg judged seminar papers with a fundamental seriousness worthy of Aquinas or Kant. The existential risk, decision, and commitment engendered in these seminars gave many of us our professional lives and in some cases our spiritual selves.

But Herberg never let us forget that our preliminary task was *understanding* in a cool, critical, objective sense. The first principle was objectivity. It made no difference whether we liked a figure or agreed with his thought. We were to do justice in attending to the materials at our disposal. Then, and only then, were we allowed our evaluation.

Herberg himself was a model of objectivity, as long as the subject at hand was worthy of intellectual consideration. He once told of giving a paper before a group of Russian Orthodox priests on Nikolai Berdyaev. Afterward, several came up to him and asked, "Are you Orthodox?" "No, I'm a Jew," came his crisp reply. "But how then could you present Berdyaev so clearly and sympathetically?" they asked. Will answered that he understood his task to be to offer as fair and thorough a critique of this great man's thought as he could manage. Then he said, "If you want to know the truth, I disagree with most of what Berdyaev says and think him a heretic, but you didn't invite me here to give my opinions."

One of Will Herberg's greatest gifts as a teacher was his capacity to make the most esoteric ideas come alive and to interpret them clearly and concisely, without superficiality or pedantry. John Diggins is quite right in saying, "To learn about everything there is to know, and to bring the totality of knowledge under a rational scheme of order—this was Herberg's daily mission." The motive power underlying all that he did was a profound sense of vocational duty before God. His piety permeated his teaching, giving him a perspective of transcendence not unlike that of Augustine, who could view the earthly city with stark realism commingled with hope because he observed it from the perspective of the City of God.

His Sort of Man

Perhaps something that was related during his funeral at Drew in March best sums up the kind of man he was. Dr. Shirley Sugerman, a former student and close friend of Will's, recalled one day in class when he pulled a clipping out of his jacket pocket. He would often bring clippings to class, but the difference on this occasion was that the piece—from an article about Confucius—bore no relation to the material then under discussion.

He read the clipping without comment and never mentioned it again. He didn't need to; for we, who despaired over his neglect of himself out of preoccupation with his work, knew instantly the application he had in mind.

It was an epitaph that Confucius had written for himself. (Will, as usual, included the reference: Lun Yu, *Analects* 7/18.) It reads, "He is this sort of man: so intent upon teaching those eager for knowledge that he forgets to eat, so happy in doing so that he forgets his sorrows, and does not realize that old age is creeping up on him." □

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THE OPEN QUESTION

Ultimum Verbum—Promitto!

JOHN J. LYNCH

MR. PAUL WILLIAMS admonishes me ["A Rebuke of a Rejoinder," March 4] on the need for logical distinctions: when I pointed out his "always" as not fitting the historical record, I had not intuited that this "always" was figurative. My reading of his essay convinces me, in fact, that an unbiased reader would have little chance of discerning the figurative character of "always": insert "figuratively" and his assertion becomes a) odd and b) pointless.

A logician would gasp at Mr. W's own inattention to distinctions. For starters, he claims I said that "many Christians are presently staying away from Mass because the sacramental reforms inaugurated by Vatican II now prevent them from obtaining the 'cheap grace' they were once able to receive." I did not. For one thing, I pointed out the great deal of cheap grace still available. For another, as I also said, serious adherence to the sacramental reforms flowing from Vatican II carries with it the potential of *eliminating* cheap grace.

Mr. W bewails the near-disappearance of the communion fast as an instance of cheap grace. Perhaps one should not nitpick by observing that this reform essentially dates not from the Council but from Pius XII. I must however, insist that he who calls this particular reform "cheap grace" has missed the point, utterly. The mystery called grace, the bond uniting Redeemer to redeemed, involves mutual love. The Savior is ever present and willing to sanctify His people. The variable factor is the attitude of the persons who come, e.g., to communion. A decreed fast matters little set against the question of what a recipient thinks of Christ. If he comes with no real understanding of what the following of Christ means and so in his life displays what we might denominate "benign neglect," then he is coming for cheap grace. (The objective of the relaxed communion fast was to make grace more available to those who esteem it as costly: those who truly look upon Christ as Lord.)

The cheapening of grace is less the result of individual lapses than of carelessness in pre-Vatican II pastoral practices. There is a fundamental impropriety in the admission to sacraments such as confirmation, first Eucharist, and marriage of persons casual toward Christ. Regrettably, this occurred wholesale in the past (and it is only now, with reformed sacramental policies, that the Church is backing away from so acting). The unexamined cheap grace policy caused a threefold division among those labeled Catholic: believers, nominals, and a more diffuse crypto-nominal group which maintained a semblance of "practice" for sociological or pseudo-religious reasons.

This was the situation when John XXIII convened Vatican II. The Council itself imparted authentic Catholic teaching. It simultaneously demonstrated an openness, not to heterodoxy or "modernism," but to authentic and healthy doctrinal development. The atmosphere surrounding the Council (and the distinction I made, *pace* Mr. W, between this atmosphere and the Council itself is valid) largely reflected this health; unfortunately, the possibility of abusing the new spirit of freedom also arose, and abuses there were. Take misunderstanding of the Council's legitimate (yet frequently ill-explained) reforms in the area of the changeable. Add the bizarre conduct or erroneous teachings of some well-publicized individuals. Superimpose the passivity of the hierarchy to many of these aberrations, a passivity some interpreted as signaling that just about anything goes —which is, of course, what the sinner in all of us wants to hear. All this threw many believers into confusion, kept most nominals nominal, and gave numerous crypto-nominals the occasion of dropping their mechanical "practice." My conviction is that we can ascribe most of the gloomy statistics about Sunday worship and doctrinal or moral looseness which I join Mr. W in deploring to persons formerly or still among the crypto-nominals.

Mr. W ignores the careful distinctions I make concerning ecumenism. It is true that, as he states, the Church itself once fostered "religious separatism." The basis for this was twofold: doctrinal and historical. The former endures: Catholics and Protestants still believe different things on certain key matters. Because of this they cannot achieve full church unity. As to the historical cause, Catholics and Protestants have recently been seeing more clearly what went wrong on both sides during the Reformation and its aftermath. Believing that Christ is Lord, that He enjoins the law of love and wishes all to be one, they can, and in many cases actually have begun to, pray and work together on matters where they find agreement.

Mr. W's Minutiae

The positive aspect of ecumenism, as sanctioned by the Church, exemplifies the legitimate doctrinal development mentioned above. Assuredly—to cite the "threat of mortal sin" which had kept Catholics away from Protestant services—the law remains that Catholics may not join in rites (most notably eucharistic) where there is doctrinal incompatibility. And I repeat: the extremes of over-enthusiastic ecumenists can no more be used to blacken the eye of licit ecumenism than Archie Bunker can be used to denigrate political conservatism. (Incidentally, there is no "Protestant version of the Lord's Prayer," unspeakable or otherwise; the doxologized form to which Mr W thus refers—which is *not* used at Mass, since the doxology is attached to another prayer—antedates Luther by 14 centuries, making it as Protestant as the Hail Mary.)

Another sample of Mr. W's tendency not to practice the making of distinctions he preaches appears in his invoking the old rules on handling the consecrated Host. Let us at once dispose of "laymen's unholy fingers" and

(Continues on page 901)

Father Lynch is a curate at the Church of St. Mary Star of the Sea in the Bronx.

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A Youth Differential

The Lawmakers

M. STANTON EVANS

IT PAYS to increase your word power. *Iatrogenic*, for example, is medico-legal jargon meaning "physician-caused." It's a useful term in Washington, where problems caused by people who set out to cure them are 90 per cent of the public business.

Take unemployment. If there is one thing the Federal Government is supposed to be in charge of, it is combatting unemployment. Legislation is on the books which says the policy of the government is to "utilize all its plans, functions, and resources" to reach the Valhalla of full employment. Reams of paper and oceans of red ink have been lavished on this project, and new proposals to combat the scourge of joblessness are trundled forward daily.

In recent months, there has been a special interest in promoting jobs for adolescents. President Carter and numerous folk in Congress want extra money to train an army of idle youngsters through the Comprehensive Employment and Training Act, the Job Corps (yes, it's still around), and the Neighborhood Youth Corps, to the tune of better than $1 billion. The NAACP, in convention assembled, denounces the level of teenage Negro unemployment (almost 50 per cent) as a disgrace and a national menace. Government programs of some sort are said to be the answer.

Never mentioned in any of this is where the jobless menace comes from. It is as though the problem had fallen on us from outer space, or at least developed by autogenesis from the natural workings of our economy. Yet the evidence is overwhelming that the evil complained of has been created by the very Federal Government that is supposed to be correcting it. And Dr. Carter, the U.S. Congress, and various interest groups, iatrogenous to the core, are hard at work to make the problem worse.

Convincing data on this subject have been assembled by Walter Williams, professor of economics at Temple University. In a study commissioned by the Joint Economic Committee of the Congress, Williams pins the blame for teenage joblessness where it belongs—on the statutory minimum wage. The announced objectives of the minimum, he says, are laudably humane, but the effect of it is something different. Since everyone's wage is paid by the consumer, workers receiving $2.30 an hour, or any other legislated sum, must produce the equivalent in market value. Youthful workers without the proper job skills therefore don't get hired, or get replaced by labor-saving machinery.

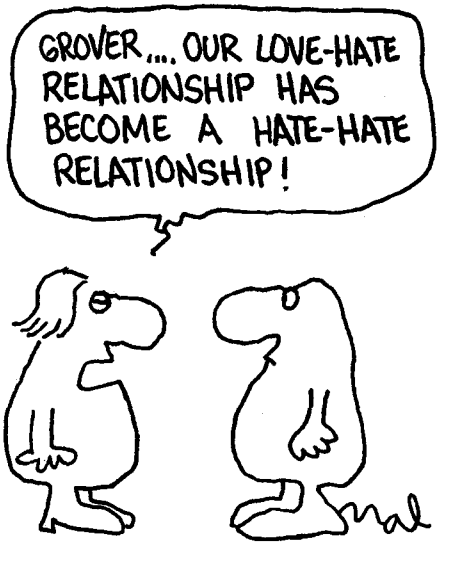
The result of this inexorable process is that as the minimum increases (from 75 cents an hour in 1954 to $2.30 an hour today), so does the level of unemployment among disadvantaged teenage blacks (13.4 per cent in 1954, 45.2 per cent in 1975). Williams (who happens to be black) provides an arresting table which shows white adolescent joblessness in these two decades also increasing, though much less rapidly, from 14 to 19.7 per cent. Which means that black teenagers who formerly had jobless rates that were lower than those for whites now have a rate that is more than twice as high. Williams concludes that, with a rising minimum, "the most adverse employment effects are among those workers who are most disadvantaged in terms of marketable skills. . . ."

IN THE TEETH of this and other such research, President Carter, congressional Democrats, and leaders of the AFL-CIO have been squabbling over how much to *raise* the minimum wage. The unions want a boost to $3 an hour or more, the Administration has talked of $2.50 or so, congressional spokesmen have split the difference. At this writing, the discussants have reportedly compromised on a hike to $2.65 an hour, beginning January 1, rising to $3.15 an hour in 1980. Obviously, the minimum wage is going up; the only question is how much.

Fortunately, there are some people in Congress who want to solve the problem on a rational basis. Foremost among these is Representative John M. Ashbrook (R., Ohio), who proposes enactment of a so-called "youth wage," which would permit employment of teenage job-seekers at 65 per cent of the going minimum (about $1.50 an hour under current law). Ashbrook's proposal, HR-171, is part of a general economic package that contains some other excellent suggestions. Were it to be adopted, the effect would be to provide first-time employment, and resulting job skills, to countless youngsters, making them worth much more than minimum wage to themselves, employers, and consumers.

The Ashbrook bill would be our best solution, but failing its adoption other lawmakers have proposals at the ready. Representative Mickey Edwards (R., Okla.) has offered an amendment to the minimum wage bill in the House. The Edwards amendment would make the "youth wage" 80 per cent of the federal minimum for workers less than 22 years of age, moving up to 90 per cent after three months of employment. Senator S. I. Hayakawa (R., Calif.) will offer a similar amendment when the bill comes over to the Senate. Other lawmakers concerned to get some kind of differential for younger workers include Representative George Miller (D., Calif.) and Senator Richard Schweiker (R., Pa.).

Ashbrook, Edwards, Hayakawa, et al. are proposing something concrete and realistic to solve the problem of teenage unemployment. Dr. Carter and the unions are proposing to make the situation worse. Iatrogenic is the word. In this respect as in so many others, the federal physician who presumes to heal the nation might best begin by ministering to himself. □



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Conservatives in the Academy

From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

In America or Britain, non-ideological lands, it takes about thirty years, a generation, for a body of beliefs to be advanced, discussed, promulgated —and then accepted or rejected in public policy and in general opinion. For more than a quarter of a century, the body of beliefs we call "conservative" has been fermenting in these United States. Five years from now, results should be conspicuous. A friend said once to Irving Babbitt, "Intelligence will tell in the long run—even in a university." Nearly three decades ago, Dr. Robert Hutchins declared that probably most professors are conservative. They haven't seemed so since he spoke, but they may be returning to their old profession.

So it is with some of the media of opinion. A book publisher writes to me, "Have you noticed the transformation of *Harper's*, the impending transformation of *Esquire*, into journals of the Right? The same thing is happening within the New York book community. The seeds planted 25 years ago are rooted, grown, and now bearing fruit." Let me offer as evidence some information about conservatively inclined organizations within our vast apparatus of formal education.

The first and oldest of these is the Intercollegiate Studies Institute (14 South Bryn Mawr Avenue, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania). Founded nearly a quarter of a century ago, the ISI held a great National Alumni Conference in Washington, during January, with Mr. Ronald Reagan as the most conspicuous of several able speakers. Mr. E. Victor Milione, President of ISI, never has succeeded in finding any big sums of money to finance this very serious and reputable undertaking; but he has succeeded mightily in affecting opinion within the Academy.

The Intercollegiate Studies Institute has some thirty thousand members, mostly students, on more than a thousand American campuses. Its National Director, young Mr. Kenneth Cribb (about to retire so that he can commence the study of law), has been especially successful in organizing regional summer schools and sponsoring lectures at many colleges—lectures and discussions concerned with the permanent things, in their political, economic, moral, and literary aspects.

The ISI is not a partisan or an activist outfit: it merely says, with Demosthenes, "In the name of God, fellow citizens, I beg of you to *think*!" It is a foundation which happily accepts tax-exempt contributions. Among its "graduates" or "alumni" are now a considerable number of influential professors, writers, and public figures. It annually grants Richard Weaver Fellowships for graduate study; and a really surprising quantity of good scholarly books has been published by former Weaver Fellows.

ISI has its own large publication and book-distribution program. Its most widely circulated periodical is *The Intercollegiate Review* (thrice a year), with some 24,000 subscribers: a bigger circulation than has any other serious journal of ideas in this land. The *Review* is ably edited by Mr. Robert A. Schadler, who has general supervision of ISI publications. Students can obtain the *Review* without charge.

Also, ISI brings out *The Academic Reviewer*, a serious but lively book-review periodical. ISI sponsors nowadays *The Political Science Reviewer*, a fat annual publication. And recently ISI has assumed sponsorship of *Modern Age*, the conservative quarterly review, about as old as ISI, of which your servant was the first editor.

I never cease to marvel at how much ISI accomplishes with a straitened budget. It has been more effective than all the radical student organizations put together.

Second, the organization of conservative-minded professors which I commend to you this day is University Professors for Academic Order (publication office, 635 Southwest Fourth St., Corvallis, Oregon); it publishes a bulletin, *Universitas*. UPAO arose during the past decade in healthy reaction against campus radicalism. It strongly opposes compulsory unionization of professors and teachers.

UPAO, with local chapters on a fair number of campuses, holds an annual national meeting, and endeavors to support professors (whether members or not) who have been made to suffer for their loyalty to the traditions of civility. Its members believe that there cannot be freedom without order—in the academy, in civil society, or in the soul.

Third, permit me to commend the National Association of Professional Educators (232 Thousand Oaks Boulevard, Thousand Oaks, California), which organization sternly sets its face against the National Education Association, the American Federation of Teachers, and their affiliated state and local teachers' unions. On August 3, in Houston, NAPE will hold its fifth national convention. Mr. Richard W. Mason, a California teacher, is NAPE's president and moving spirit.

NAPE believes that academic freedom means freedom from intimidation by unions. Its growing membership consists principally of public-school teachers, though professors and other educators are welcome to join. NAPE's members know that the teacher is a conservator of venerable truths.

One cheerful postscript: there has just appeared the first number of a very promising monthly journal got up by young conservatives, *The New American Review* (100 Benjamin Street, Cranford, New Jersey), edited by Mr. Allen G. Weakland and subtitled "A Journal of Civility and the Arts." Sample copies are available. They hope for some 2,500 subscribers in short order.

In 1951, when the University of Chicago Press published the first edition of my first book, *Randolph of Roanoke*, I felt somewhat solitary in Academe. Even nowadays I refrain from saying, with Pompey, "Legions will rise where I stamp my foot!" Not enough legions did rise for Pompeius Magnus, actually. Nevertheless we have made headway since then, in public opinion, in academic opinion. Anno Domini 1981 may be the watershed year. □

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Uncertain Winds

JOHN PASSMORE

Grow or Die?
By James A. Weber
Arlington House, 255 pp., $11.95
Ecological Sanity
By George Claus and Karen Bolander
David McKay, 592 pp., $16.95

It is an ill wind that blows no good and a supernaturally good wind that blows no ill. Every human action of any consequence, from falling in love to amending the Constitution, has both costs and benefits. These platitudes the fanatic refuses to admit. In his eyes, the costs of the policies he advocates can only be benefits in disguise, the benefits of the policies he opposes can only be illusory.

The environmental movement spawned many such fanatics. Now comes the backlash. In his *Grow or Die?*, James A. Weber sets out to defend the thesis that, far from being the root of all social evil, population growth is the necessary condition of all social good. A "professional writer," not an expert, Weber does not pretend to any originality. But he has done his homework, making effective use of such demographers as Sauvy and Borrie and such economists as Kuznets, who have emphasized the costs of population control and challenged the wilder claims that have been made on its behalf by Ehrlich and his like. The value of Weber's book lies precisely in the skill with which, in its central sections, he has woven together all that can be said in favor of population growth, especially in the United States. (There is only a perfunctory epilogue on the rest of the world.)

If his authorities are judiciously chosen so as to exclude, let us say, J. J. Spengler, the use Weber makes of them is also highly selective. His guiding principle—that "more people can do more things better," so that the optimum population is bound to be identical with the maximum population—his authorities would not accept. Those of us who, over the last thirty years, have had to live through the expansion of our cities, our schools, our universities, can easily understand why. After all, Athens didn't do so badly with its thirty thousand citizens.

Growth, Weber tries to persuade us, is "an inexorable law of life," with its opposite not stability but decline and death.

Growth in what? The wrong sort of growth, whether in our waistline or in our cells, can be a rapid route to extinction. Beyond a certain age, Weber himself grants, we do better to grow in wisdom than in size. Are societies different? Is a constant increase in size essential to their growth in every other valuable respect? This is what the controversy is about; two problems confront us if we try to settle it. The first is to distinguish, as Weber does not distinguish, between accidental correlations and causal connections; the second is to determine what kinds of growth are desirable.

On the first point, Australia, to take one case, has witnessed in the postwar years a very rapid rate of population growth. Over the same period of time, armed holdups have risen—from an admittedly low base—by a startling 1,300 per cent. We all agree, I imagine, that this is not a desirable form of growth. It is quite another matter to determine how far the increasing crime rate is an immediate consequence of the fact that the percentage of young people—notoriously prone to violence, to "wanting it now," to an indifference to the feelings of others—has rapidly increased and how far it is a consequence of such completely independent circumstances as the tendency of television programs to operate on the assumption that violence is the normal everyday way of solving problems. Returning to Weber's own example, it is no easier to determine—in a period during which rapid technological advance has accompanied a rapid increase in population and a general increase in the standard of living as measured by economists—whether, as he argues, population increase is essential to continuous improvement in the standard of living, or whether, as others maintain, technological advances can fully compensate for a decline in population. One thing must certainly be kept in mind; it takes a relatively long time for the effects of population changes to work through the system. To object, as Weber does, that a declining population growth has not so far brought with it any noticeable benefits is distinctly premature, apart from ignoring the effects of any such concurrent changes as the energy crisis, which a larger population would certainly do nothing to alleviate.

On the question of values, Weber, writing as the parent of two children, is prepared to lay it down that becoming parents is "the most magnificent, unique, and permanent thing that any man and woman can do." If this be so,

John Greenway's *latest book is* The American Tradition: A Gallery of Rogues. . . . **John Passmore** *is a professor of philosophy at the Australian National University; his books include* Man's Responsibility for Nature. . . . **Colin Welch** *is Deputy Editor of the London* Daily Telegraph.

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then to control population growth is obviously destructive of the highest values. But that the great childless artists and scientists and philosophers would have done better to spend their lives procreating is certainly not a value-judgment we would all be prepared to make. Nor would we all share Weber's happy confidence that computerization, fast-food chains, and larger supermarkets are obvious proofs of the virtues of population growth.

I AM FAR from suggesting that Weber's book is valueless. Population control has its serious costs, not all of them obvious, and someone has to point them out. I only wish that he had not allowed himself to be so absurd sometimes that it will be easy to laugh him to scorn. He can, for example, justly complain that some of the proponents of Zero Population Growth exhibit an obvious inhumanity and a no less obvious delight in centralized planning, refusing to count as "costs" even the most obnoxious forms of population control. All the same, to blame that movement on the machinations of atheistic perfectibilists is really too much. After all, Malthus wrote against perfectibilism; the Marxists have been the leading exponents of Weber's prime assumption that, granting the advances in science and technology, resources are infinite; at international conferences the Soviet Union has been the most obdurate opponent of family planning programs, and China embarked upon them only belatedly and reluctantly.

It is as a result of human action, not of some underlying biological or providential law, that the rapid population growth of the last few decades got under way—human action directed against disease, human action to ameliorate living conditions. That action, which "interfered with the ways of Providence," was often condemned in its time as arising out of atheistic perfectibilism. It has turned out to have effects that many of us see as undesirable. Whether they are, and whether they are outweighed by benefits, is a question on which honest men can honestly disagree whatever their political or religious persuasion. To recognize that fact is the first step toward rational discussion.

George Claus and Karen Bolander have written a very different sort of book, which fully lives up to its title, *Ecological Sanity*. Claus has worked in a wide variety of ecological areas—first on water pollution, then on cell biology and toxicology—not only in the United States but in many parts of Europe as well; Bolander is a clinical psychologist with a special interest in the interactions between science, technology, politicians, and citizens. What they set out to show is that some of the leading representatives of the environmental movement have been guilty of promoting ideological science, in a manner painfully reminiscent of the Lysenko affair.

Their argument has its defects. Although it has only just been published, their book was completed in 1972, and much has happened since that time. The comparisons with Lysenko are sometimes pushed too far, the occasional little lectures on the philosophy of science are startlingly primitive. It is anything but clear, too, whom the authors are writing for. At one moment they are describing in detail, as if for beginners, the mechanism of scientific refereeing, at the next moment they are taking it for granted that words like "edaphic" or "cytoplasm" are current coin. More than half of this very long book consists in an extremely detailed study of the DDT controversy, conducted at a level of scientific so-

phistication the ordinary reader can certainly not pretend to. To make matters worse, a good deal of work has been done on this topic since Claus and Bolander wrote. Much of it, so far as a non-specialist can judge, tells against their arguments at the purely scientific level.

The lesson of their book, all the same, is not to be lightly dismissed. A great many scientists, swept away by their unaccustomed role as public figures, have failed to display the kinds of virtue which have traditionally characterized the science they profess. Proceeding, in the manner typical of media publicists, as if the problems they are discussing arose overnight, they have not looked at the considerable body of Continental work in the fields which they were entering. Instead of first submitting their work to the critical judgment of their colleagues, they have rushed with it to a press and television which delight in stories of doom and disaster but will pay no attention to the obscurely published scientific article which negatives these stories. Unexpectedly catapulted into a national and even international prominence to which their more serious work would not have entitled them, they have rapidly converted themselves into prophets, casting overboard the caution of the working scientist. In short, they have proceeded in the manner of ideologists, not of scientists.

THESE ARE serious charges, fully documented. And they come from authors who are by no means unsympathetic to the fundamental aims of the environmental movement, insofar as it is content to urge that human beings cannot safely allow their own waste products to pour untreated into the biosphere in which they live and work. It is just because they take this view, and just because, too, they value the traditional morality of science and fear for its survival, that Claus and Bolander have spoken out so strongly. For there is a risk that not only the environmental movement but even science itself will suffer from the rabble-rousing tactics the more publicized ecomaniacs have thought it proper to adopt.

Once again, of course, deeper problems lie behind particular disputes about, let us say, the use of insecticides: problems about the relative importance of human beings as compared with animal life, problems about the degree of risk that is tolerable. Anxiety is the source at once of our creativity and of our cowardice as human beings. In the long run, the environmental controversy, insofar as it is not about scientific facts, is a dispute about risk-taking under conditions of uncertainty. The kinds of risk, the degree of uncertainty, scientific analysis can clarify for us. But in the end, the choice must be ours. □

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It Didn't Start with Watergate
By Victor Lasky
Dial Press, 437 pp., $10

SINS OF THE FATHERS

WILLIAM A. RUSHER

Not long after Richard Nixon resigned the Presidency, an enterprising reporter thought to ask a number of America's leading academic historians whether in their opinion Nixon's reputation might in the course of time recover at least partially from the depths to which it had lately sunk. No doubt to the gratification of every fellow Nixon-hater who read the resulting story, the learned double-domes were unanimous: The verdict of history would unquestionably be that of our own day, without any modification whatever. Richard Nixon would burn, for all eternity, in his own specially constructed circle of hell.

Although I was personally never an admirer of Nixon's—refused, in fact, even to vote for him two out of the three times he ran for President, specifically including 1972—I could not help being amused at this fresh evidence of how intelligent men can be blinded by their passions. Just ten years earlier, Ralph Ginzburg had published the solemn finding of 1,189 licensed psychiatrists—none of whom had ever so much as exchanged a word with Barry Goldwater—that the Arizona senator was psychologically unfit to be President: a piece of chutzpah so blatant that a libel jury subsequently ordered Ginzburg to pay Goldwater $75,000 for being malicious enough to print it.

As a matter of fact, those who espouse the Demon Theory concerning Richard Nixon have always been outnumbered worldwide on a straight one-man–one-vote basis. Barring a handful of Americanized liberals in Britain and elsewhere, I have never encountered a foreigner who subscribed to it, and quite a few of them still count themselves among his strong admirers. Even in his own country, where a prophet is notoriously without honor, Nixon retained a personal constituency of many millions right through his Watergate difficulties, and the recent Frost TV interviews almost certainly marked the beginning of an upsurge in popular friendliness toward him. The inveterate Nixon-haters, in other words, are confusing the depth and violence of their own emotions with the extent and durability of anti-Nixon sentiment per se.

But if historians of the future can be counted on to take a calmer view of this complex and devious man, it will still be enormously useful for them to have available, between two covers, this breezy retrospective on the Watergate story: a systematic compendium of the known (and numerous, and horrendous) misdeeds of his presidential predecessors, together with a loving account of how studiously these were overlooked by a sycophantic press; a careful analysis of the Watergate episode itself, including all sorts of intriguing indications of Democratic and CIA foreknowledge of the plot that Senator Ervin somehow just never got around to investigating; an obviously authorized version of Nixon's own side of the whole flap, as sympathetic to him as most other accounts have been hostile; and a useful chrestomathy of the hurricane of vituperation to which Nixon was subjected at the time. Nixon's own memoirs, when they appear, will necessarily constitute the authoritative statement of his own side of the controversy; but in many ways they will probably not be so helpful to researchers a century hence as this book by Victor Lasky, who has always enjoyed playing Sancho Panza to Nixon's Quixote and still serves his master very ably indeed.

The title is somewhat misleading, stressing as it does a point that is covered and disposed of in little more than half the book's length. But, in popular terms, the volume's chief contemporary impact undoubtedly resides here: in the overwhelming evidence (which Lasky carefully identifies, each item by its source, in a lengthy appendix) that wiretaps, illegal break-ins, coverups, and much worse stained the Administrations of Franklin Roosevelt, John Kennedy, and Lyndon Johnson—that, in fact, virtually the only unique aspect of the Watergate scandal was the zeal of the Washington press corps to expose it.

It is almost impossible to make that point, let alone stress it, without seeming to be arguing that two wrongs make (or ought to make) a right, or that they at least tend politically to cancel each other out. That may indeed have been Lasky's purpose, but it isn't mine; nor

RANDOM NOTES

■ July Holdover: To some people, the high-level intrigue and political pressure of the international arms trade is just another way to make a buck. Anthony Sampson tells the armorers' side of it in *The Arms Bazaar: The Companies, the Dealers, the Bribes, from Vickers to Lockheed* (Viking, $10.95).

■ August Titles: Hailed already as "the most talked about book of the year," Robert Coover's *The Public Burning* (Viking, $12.95) focuses on the trial, conviction, and execution of the Rosenbergs, with bomb spies and some sexual fantasies of Richard Nixon's scattered throughout. . . . Katherine Anne Porter deals with another notorious trial, that of Sacco and Vanzetti, in *The Never-Ending Wrong* (Little, Brown, $5.95). One aspect of the case that she does not neglect is the deliberate manipulation of the accused and their sympathizers by the Communists. . . . Nicholas Wade elucidates the growing controversy over the myriad ramifications of recombinant DNA research in his book *The Ultimate Experiment: Man-Made Evolution* (Walker, $8.95). . . . In *Sicilian Carousel* (Viking, $10), the reader accompanies author Lawrence Durrell on a rare bus tour around Sicily with a group whose antics nicely balance his descriptions of Mediterranean culture.

■ Some September Titles: John Osborne's *White House Watch: The Ford Years* (New Republic Books, $11.95) suffers from the fact that the Commander-in-Chief in the Ford Administration was no Captain Queeg. . . . For short-story buffs, William Maxwell offers a fine collection of 12 tales about people and places just next door in *Over by the River and Other Stories* (Knopf, $8.95). . . . John Fowles's *Daniel Martin* (Little, Brown, $12.95) looks to be as absorbing a novel as his earlier *The Magus*, even if it is another revision of the prodigal son theme.

■ Back in Print: The Vindication Edition of Wm. F. Buckley Jr.'s *The Unmaking of a Mayor* (Arlington House, $9.95) has appeared in time to get New York City's mayoral election off on the right foot. . . . A revised edition of Ernest van den Haag's *The Jewish Mystique* (Stein & Day, hardbound $8.95, paper $2.95) is now available.

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will it (I think) much interest future historians. The key fact is that the American Presidency had become, over the last 45 years, a dangerously swollen and irresponsible thing—and never more so, incidentally, than when its powers were wielded with cynical insouciance by men who knew how to charm, cozen, and seduce the press.

It was in the highest interests of our political health as a nation that this office be shorn of its subtly accreted extra-constitutional powers (and, I may add, that it *stay* shorn of them). That this necessary and inevitably painful process should occur in the Administration of a President at odds with both Congress and the press is hardly surprising. That those who brought him low were, by and large, the witting agents of precisely those liberal forces that had so recklessly aggrandized the Presidency in the first place is piquant, even deeply ironical, but not really important. These self-proclaimed heroes will be measured for consistency and highmindedness by historians yet unborn, who will know how to evaluate their pretensions and will therefore undoubtedly enjoy the all too candid remark overheard by a sharp-eared reporter for the *Village Voice* in the hearing room during the House impeachment inquiry. The chivalry of the old anti-Nixon press cabal had of course assembled for the glad occasion.

"This is like the McGovern campaign," one reporter rejoiced to another.

"It is the McGovern campaign," the other smiled back. "He just peaked too late." □

The Governance of Britain
By Sir Harold Wilson
Harper & Row, 219 pp., $10.95

THE NANNY

COLIN WELCH

On the dustjacket of the American edition of Sir Harold Wilson's *The Governance of Britain* are displayed some of the more deferential comments of British critics: "unique," "a classic," "not . . . short of gems," "informative," "good humored," "lively . . . challenging," and, from my own paper, "Sir Harold is at his shrewdest in the comparisons he draws between the United Kingdom and United States systems of government."

It is certainly regarded as shrewd, in a Britain rendered by Sir Harold's policies too poor or too illiterate to buy books any more, to include, however inappropriately, in all books a chapter or two designed to give them an "American angle," and thus to ensure transatlantic re-publication and dollar royalties. Thus, gentle reader in Grand Rapids or Great Neck, when you read of "The Plantagenet Influence in America," "Norman Churches in Nebraska," "American Beefeaters," and "Cricket in Kansas City," do not suppose the author off his head—just eager to do his bit for the balance of payments. No fool at least in baser respects, Sir Harold includes his obligatory section on "Transatlantic Comparisons," the most striking of which is the relatively greater ease and speed with which in Britain the most ridiculous, damaging, and oppressive proposals can be made law—a facility not to be envied.

Sir Harold's shrewd ploy has caught the eye either of Harper or of Row, perhaps of both. It is my task, as an English reader, to guess whether their enterprise was well advised and will be richly and justly rewarded, or not.

I ask myself first: Is this the most boring book I have ever read? For all Sir Harold's deserved reputation for innocent merriment, I think it might well be. For one thing, I mislaid it not once but twice—a Freudian loss? My attention wandered uncontrollably: I found myself reading bus tickets and beer bottle labels for preference. Whole chapters slid by, presumably perused line by line, yet leaving not a wrack behind, thus to be laboriously re-read for the promised but elusive "gems." When I had struggled through it, making copious notes en route, I forgot all about it for weeks—Freud again? It really is a pulverizer.

I must now ask myself: Will the American reader find it more or less tedious than I did? Well, there are Americans, a dwindling band of Pilgrims, I fancy, who regard British statecraft with a superstitious awe on account of its ripe experience, its mellow capacity for compromise, its felicitous blend of tradition and change; for these every sign of feebleness and decay is a fresh beauty. There are also hordes of academics at obscure universities who strive to impress their superiors and gain doctorates by writing unreadable monographs on minute aspects of British politics and administration. Both sorts will find gold here, the latter especially in a chapter called "Number 10 and the Cabinet Office," full of fantastically indigestible dead matter about the machinery of government, the merging and unmerging of ministries, the proliferation of committees, ministerial and official, zzzz-zz, horizontal and vertical groupings, the transfer of functions, zzzz-zz, multidisciplinary central policy review staffs, coordination, zzzz-zz . . . zzzz . . .

Sir Harold regards an ability to sleep as a Prime Minister's biggest asset. His book helps to make Prime Ministers of us all.

Of the sparse gems, more will indeed be unfamiliar to you than to us, but more will also be quite incomprehensible, which just about cancels out.

In one major respect you will find it even more boring. This is that, unless you are a quite exceptionally well-informed and disillusioned observer of the British scene, you will miss the tremendous unintentional irony which, like the smell of rotting cabbage or faulty drainage, arises from the depths to pervade the whole pompous edifice.

You may read of the Prime Minister's need to stand back and think about the "longer-term strategy" of his administration. Yet the author was, in office, a grasshopper notorious for short-term expediency and dexterous improvisation, innocent of all thought for the morrow: "a week in politics is a long time."

You may read with wonder of the Cabinet he formed in 1974, "a trained team"; "I was not exaggerating when I called [this] the most experienced and talented Cabinet this century." Trained by whom, then, to what end? Experienced in what? Displaying what talents? Perhaps you have to have seen this seedy crew of hacks at close quarters to appreciate the full absurdity of the cardboard haloes and threadbare statesmen's robes with which they are here incongruously adorned.

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You may further note that Sir Harold's economic ministers in 1974 were "undoubtedly . . . the most highly qualified the Treasury had ever had." Sad indeed that men of such undoubted qualifications should have to grovel, begging-bowl in hand, before the IMF!

You may marvel at Sir Harold's own prodigious and ceaseless activity, "seven days a week, at least 12 to 14 hours a day," his transformation of Downing Street from the "monastery" it was under Sir Alec Douglas-Home into a "powerhouse," his need to keep "in close touch with the whole range of national and international issues and developments," his consequent reception of numberless deputations, his chairmanship of numberless committees, his numberless visits to industrial centers and "work places," his working lunches, his discussion dinners, his perusal of five hundred (sic) documents every weekend, his meetings with experts, his answering as Prime Minister of 12,000 parliamentary questions, his indefatigable hobnobbings with other heads of government and assorted bigwigs, three or four hundred in two years, three or four a week—I could go on indefinitely.

You may marvel, but here we must ruefully reflect, of all this hurrying and scurrying and babbling and glad-handing, how much—if not all, the greater part—was utterly barren, damaging, and unnecessary. False principles of "governance" made all this meddling and trifling activity seem essential, whether to pursue success by inappropriate means or to avert or conceal disaster. The same false principles rendered it all in vain and futile.

Sir Harold's view of governance is essentially a trivial, fidgeting one, that of a governess rather than of a governor, one might say, if it were not for the dignity and good sense displayed so often by governesses and so rarely by him.

It is perhaps with a certain relief that he descends at intervals from the stratosphere of pseudo-philosophy to such problems as Barbara Castle's laddered stockings (11 lines on page 46) and whether to allow smoking in Cabinet (15 lines on page 62, together with details of where to find "a serious discussion of this controversial item" in his *The Labor Government 1964-70: A Personal Record*). "Frivolous curiosity about trifles," wrote Lord Chesterfield to his son, "and laborious attention to little objects which neither require nor deserve a moment's thought, lower a man, who from thence is thought (and not unjustly) incapable of greater matters. Cardinal de Retz very sagaciously marked out Cardinal Chigi for a little mind, from the moment he told him that he had wrote three years with the same pen, and that it was an excellent good one still." I wonder what Cardinal de Retz would have made of Sir Harold? □

Four Men: Living the Revolution: An Oral History of Contemporary Cuba

By Oscar Lewis, Ruth M. Lewis, and Susan M. Rigdon

University of Illinois, 538 pp., $15

FLYING LOBSTERS

JOHN GREENWAY

Now that Ambassador Andrew Young has assured us officially that hardly nobody is being shot hardly in Cuba no more hardly and in palpable fact Fidel Castro never did nothing to nobody no time except to nonviolently pacify Angola, the revisionist books are pouring out of the liberal presses, preparing us to celebrate the Great Pacificator's Rhinestone Jubilee by relinquishing to his Isthmus friends the Panama Canal. After all, those scary weather forecasts in conservative papers warning of scattered missiles from the southeast with expected high temperatures of 3,500° never materialized, and there is every reason to believe that the feared Western Hemisphere Last Chance Armada is really a fleet of stately Spanish galleons coming from the Isthmus, dipping through the Tropics by the palm green shores with a cargo of diamonds, emeralds, amethysts, topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores to trade for gringo beet sugar and nickel cigars.

Oscar Lewis was at this revisionist business for a long time, demonstrating by interminably tedious books about remarkably forgettable Latin American proletarians a principle later to be enunciated by less subtle writers of his persuasion: that the science of man was one of the smellier sediments of our capitalistic imperialism, whose only possible redemption would be something called Action Anthropology, which no longer would humiliate exploited people by studying them as if they were in a bottle of alcohol with two heads, but rather would uplift them by education in such useful skills as guerrilla warfare. His widow's Foreword (which describes her Dear Departed as "a humanist with a long-time interest in socialism") establishes that whatever else might be said of him—*de mortuis nil nisi malum*—he spun dross from his entrails for the cause.

This biographical narrative about four presumably typical workers in the Caribbean paradise was in curious fact suggested by Castro himself after praising in a conversation with Lewis his earlier book *The Children of Sánchez*. *El Barba* said it was "worth more than fifty thousand political pamphlets" (it is, too; it is also as interesting as fifty thousand political pamphlets). That was all Lewis needed to apply for a Ford Foundation grant, which was forthcoming, apparently to prove that when the rope was at last needed to hang capitalism, Ford could make it as cheaply as the Data Control Corporation. But Castro did not get where he is by trusting people; when Lewis and his wife finally were permitted to get to work, they were assisted by a ten-member *equipo* of young *patria o muerte* literary technical advisors. Possibly their presence explains why the only counterrevolutionary, a "Mr. X," disappears from the narrative in the Foreword to go to jail or the wall (Mrs. Lewis is not loquacious on the subject).

There is no point in summarizing the lives of the Four Men who ramble on for some 300,000 words about how nice it is now in a Communist state where everybody starves equally. When they are not starving they are rutting like dogs in an arrangement called "free-union" marriages. Since all but a few of the wives began as prostitutes and liked the work so well they carried it on after taking the nuptial vows, there is no way to estimate how many children our protagonists whelped. No matter; the literary device employed by Lewis and his crew is to immerse the reader so deeply in boredom that when they begin to infest the United States, the Cuban proletarians will annoy us no more than so many dogs. It would

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have weakened the point had Lewis told us more about his characters' Roots—something, say, like an ancestor who seven generations earlier had run out after a *carreta* to implant his scent upon the wheels and never returned.

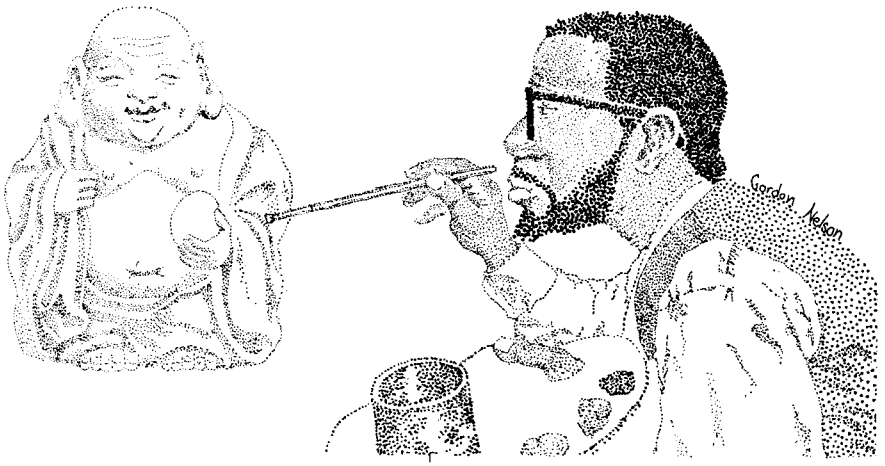
PARADOXICALLY, however, *Four Men* compels the reader to think of serious writers and critics. A. E. Housman, for an immediate example: the Shropshire cynic once described a sermon as being like a "boa constrictor—long and ugly." *Four Men* is so long and ugly that it finished Lewis before he finished it. The same constricting fate lies under the innocent flower for the reader. As for the philosophy of the revolution, one is reminded of Finley Peter Dunne's Mr. Dooley, who once observed (taking the Oirish out of it) that "a man that'd expect to train lobsters to fly in a year is called a lunatic; but a man that thinks men can be turned into angels by an election [or a revolution] is called a reformer and remains at large." Castro's lobsters are all red, obviously, for Communist dictators find hot water great for obedience. To return to the canine metaphor, they respond to the Revolution as a dog responds to a stick.

If *Four Men* does not turn its readers to the right, let them wait yet a while. Lewis is dead and gone, but he is still at large, having left manuscripts for two sequels, whose imminent publication is threatened: *Neighbors* and *Four Women*. The first will tell of five unrelated families in an apartment house; the second will continue the Living of the Revolution by a psychologist, a maid, a former nun, and an ex-prostitute. Of one thing we can be sure: bedfellows make strange politics. □

ART

NOT SO BLACK

RUTH BERENSON



Among the many by-products of the black revolution of the 1960s has been a growing interest in black artists. This is not to say that they were wholly ignored before: even prior to the Civil War, a few found wealthy patrons who enabled them to study and travel and who bought their work. But their number was pitifully small, and it was not until the so-called Harlem Renaissance of the 1920s that blacks began to emerge onto the larger art scene, and not until the last decade that blacks began to be on a par with whites in competing for fellowships, grants, and gallery exposure.

The turmoil of those years also had another positive result: the emergence of scholars, both black and white, who are ferreting out the achievements of forgotten black artists of the past, and enabling the compilation of a history of black art in America. Last year, the Los Angeles County Museum of Art put together "*Two Centuries of Black American Art*" as its contribution to the Bicentennial. The show, sponsored by Philip Morris, has been touring the country, and is now making its final appearance at the Brooklyn Museum. While it is not definitive, and while its importance is more cultural than artistic, it is well worth a subway ride.

There are two caveats: first, the cutoff date of 1950 automatically eliminates today's young practitioners (but also, as Professor David C. Driskell of the University of Maryland, who organized the exhibition, pointed out to this writer, sidesteps controversy); second, representation of folk artifacts, especially from the slave period, is necessarily sparse, since so few have survived.

What is most striking about the exhibition is one's overall impression that there is little that is black about black art, at least not until our own time. Starting with the stiff, unsmiling portraits of white Baltimoreans limned by Joshua Johnston (1765-1810), the earliest Negro painter whose name is known, black artists have hewn faithfully to the main lines of the development of American art. The landscapes of Robert S. Duncanson (1821-1872) are in the Hudson River style, while those of Edward Mitchell Bannister (1828-1901) reflect the Barbizon manner of William Morris Hunt and George Inness. The sculptress Edmonia Lewis, a protégée of William Lloyd Garrison, worked mostly in Rome; her marble group *Forever Free*, the first example of "propaganda art" produced by a Negro artist, according to the catalogue, is in the neoclassical style characteristic of that "white marmoreal flock" of expatriate Americans who populated the Eternal City in the 1860s.

AT THE END of the century, Henry Tanner (1859-1937), a pupil of Eakins, painted Negro banjo players and similar themes with a gentle, unassuming realism, but abandoned this vein in 1891 when he moved to Paris, married a white American, and embarked on a career crowned with European medals. He began concentrating largely on religious subjects (a departure from the secular traditions of American art); the simplified forms and heightened colors of his later work reflect fin-de-siècle French symbolism.

The Harlem Renaissance, which helped focus attention on black subject-matter for black and white artists alike, also encouraged blacks to attempt careers as professional painters and sculptors. A number studied abroad in the 1920s, and, like Aaron Douglas, were drawn to Cubism and African art. Others followed in the footsteps of the regionalists, painting Alabama cotton fields and Harlem rent parties instead of the Kansas baptisms and Bowery bums of their white colleagues. They all worked alongside one another in the

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WPA; nearly all were strongly affected by the left-wing ideology of the time, and echoes of the Mexican muralists abound in their works.

In the 1940s, we sense the emergence of a more independent black style. This coincided with the discovery of an authentic American folk art of which few had been aware. Among the folk painters to attract attention was Horace Pippin, an unschooled black World War I veteran whose simple yet eloquent portrayals of rural Negro life were marked by a sure sense of design and drama; they were shown at the Museum of Modern Art in 1938 along with the totem-like granite carvings of William Edmondson (who earned his living cutting gravestones) and works by white folk artists like John Kane and Edward Pickett. It was apparently their naïve yet powerful visions that inspired the professionally trained painters Jacob Lawrence and William H. Johnson and the sculptor Sargent Johnson to simplify their forms, colors, and perspectives. They evidently believed that folk art—which, with its reliance on block-like patterns, also recalled African art—was somehow more expressive of black feelings and aspirations than the subtleties and sophistications they had learned from the professional (i.e., white) art world.

Today's black American artist, for all the recognition he is currently receiving and all the opportunities he is afforded, still feels unsure of himself. Earlier on, he tried to heed those who told him to forget his color, to assimilate himself and his art to the American mainstream; now he is urged to do the opposite, risking condemnation by black militants—and by white adherents of radical chic—if he does not link his art to the black liberation cause or, at the least, identify himself as a black first, an American second. But it is evident from this exhibition that ethnicity has not found a place in American art, and Negro artists, like those of other backgrounds, are part and parcel of our culture: in this realm, at least, the melting pot image still holds. Back in 1946, Romare Beardon, today internationally known as one of America's foremost artists, castigated those who urge "the Negro to stay away from the white man's art." "The true artist," said Beardon, "feels there is only one art—and that it belongs to all mankind." This may sound like a cliché, but like many clichés, it happens to be true. □

MUSIC

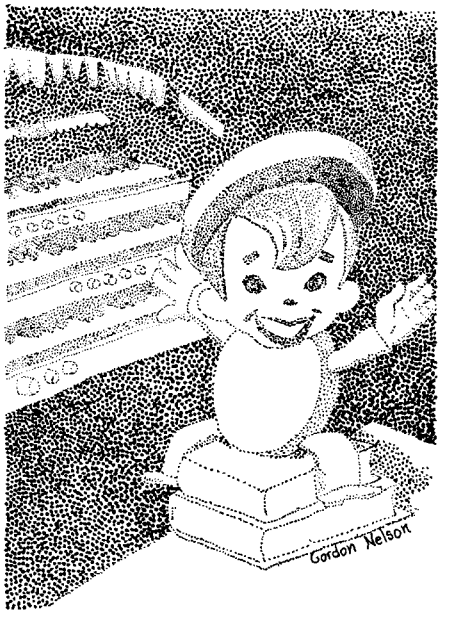
ONCE IN A LIFETIME

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

When the late Mr. Beckerath of Hamburg, whose father did the famous painting of his friend Brahms at the piano, completed the pipe organ in Saint Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, he said, "*Dies ist mein Meisterstück*." His masterpiece. I have written about it before (*NR*, April 9, 1968). The late E. Power Biggs played the Beckerath in Saint Paul's—Biggs, who had not only played but made recordings on the greatest pipe organs in the world, all around the world—and said, "It is quite the finest instrument I have ever played."

My old friend Paul Koch is the music director of Saint Paul's, and so I happen to go to Pittsburgh when the visiting artists give their free public recitals on the Beckerath organ. Since there have been attempts at vandalism, the artist is locked into the organ loft, alone, and the audience sits as a congregation, far below, in the abyss of the mighty church.

But this time there is a difference, because the artist is Hector Olivera from Argentina, whose public career began a quarter-century ago, when he was six years old. He is now a veteran of the global circuit, aged 31. And I am locked into the organ loft with him, because of a special feature of his recitals.



He arrives thirty minutes before the deadline, wearing jeans and a schloppy T-shirt. He is slight, more than slight: emaciated. His manager is fat. Hector says hello and almost stoops down to his knees. The humble artist: an article in Spanish, published in Buenos Aires when Hector was nine or ten years old, mentions that he goes to the altar each day after his practice session at the organ, and thanks the Lord for the gift of music.

Hector takes off the junk clothes and puts on his musical outfit: white shoes (slick-soled, for pedal work: he is the only organist who can play Rimsky's "Flight of the Bumblebee" on the pedals), white stockings, white trousers, white shirt, blue ruffles for the shirtfront, white jacket.

The manager leaves. Paul Koch asks if all is well. Hector says, "Sure!" Paul leaves. We are locked into the organ loft. Hector looks at me and says, "I go and have a cigarette." Five minutes to go. He comes back and sits down at the organ. I am paralyzed.

The recital is scheduled for eight-thirty. He looks at his wristwatch. It's eight-thirty. He turns to me and says, "We give them thirty seconds, for the latecomers."

AT EIGHT-THIRTY-AND-A-HALF, Hector raises his hands and we begin to hear Bach's Sinfonia from Cantata 29, and for the first time I see what hands he has. They are far out of proportion with the rest of his little body. The knuckles protrude, the wrists explode from the shirtsleeves, the fingers are trees. He plays from the written score. His feet travel many miles on the pedals, his hands become a blur, passing from one manual to another, pulling the stops, hitting the pre-set registration buttons, turning the pages (I had asked him if he wanted me to turn the pages, and he had said he could turn them himself).

A thousand people, invisible, down below, not applauding (manners), wait and listen as Hector goes through the Sweelinck, two more messages from the abundant J. S. Bach, a short piece by Mozart (who loved the organ: he said, "*Die Orgel ist meine Passion*"), a short

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work by the modern Alain, and Franz Liszt's insurmountable Prelude and Fugue on the notes B, A, C, H. One remembers that the great Bach wrote his own name into a fugue while lying on his deathbed: wrote his name in music, and then laid down his pen. The Liszt is overwhelming. Hector brings it down the homestretch with hands and feet flying. The great blast is still shuddering around the cathedral when he looks over to me, wipes his brow, and gives the international sign that says, "Whew!"

I hear Paul Koch's voice on the public address system. "Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Olivera will now improvise a fantasia and fugue on a melody that is to be given to him at this moment."

This is why I am permitted to be locked in the organ loft with Hector. Paul has asked me to deliver the melody. I fish in my shirt pocket, as nervous as if I had to do the deed myself, and find the snippet of paper with the melody on it. I stand up on sleeping feet and walk to the console and give the piece of paper to Hector.

I can hear, down below, Paul's voice saying, "Mr. Olivera will receive this melody, and, in the old tradition of European musical training, will improvise a musical structure based on it."

I RETURN TO my seat, about forty feet from the console (the organ loft is large enough to hold a symphony orchestra and two choirs). Hector looks at the slip of paper. He smacks his hand to his head. He turns and grins at me. The melody Paul has given him is the melody of the Alka-Seltzer commercial. See why we all love Paul? Hector turns the piece of paper upside down and places it on the music rack of the console, so he can read off the inversions. He plays the melody, first, with one finger, right side up, and the audience in the cathedral laughs loud enough so we can hear it all the way up here in the loft. They get Paul's joke.

Then Hector takes the melody and examines it, note by note, just as a diamond-cutter would turn a diamond over, time and again, under the light, and finally strike it once, decisively, to reveal its inborn beauties . . . Oh, you would have had to be there. He took that simple-minded jingle and made the masterpiece of the late Mr. Beckerath jump for joy, and the Cathedral was breathing in rhythm. At the end of the improvisation, which lasted about ten minutes, the audience broke into applause and cheers, and the young man in white and blue went to the railing and bowed to them, from on high.

Paul always gives a party at his house, a block away from the Cathedral, after these great recitals. The elders of the church, the trustees of the organ fund, the visiting artist, and one or two nondescripts like myself can always be found there. Once again I notice the abnormal size of Hector's hands as his fingers engulf a tumbler. He bends forward, smiling, as if in prayer, when he talks to the admirers. The party roars on, long past midnight. Ladies and gentlemen, we have heard music tonight, and let the Lord be thanked. □

The GIMLET EYE

UNITED FRUIT

D. KEITH MANO

I'm disguised as a gay. No one would know me. I've undone the first two buttons on my shirt.

HETERO IS NOT BETTERO. They come in division strength: 28 blocks long, twenty thousand weak. Gay Pride Day. Just think of all that thrown-away male seed: it's inconceivable. Banners. Floats. A contingent from Parents of Gays (who will never be grandparents). And people who are little, self-designed *tableaux vivants*. The Good Fairy on roller skates with magic wand and insect-webby Miss Havisham gown. Three or four outfitted to fight Star Wars. And beautiful, half-bare siliconical breasts: a turn-on that messes with the straight-male mind, mine.

But 99 point something per cent are commonplace gay; bourgeois, much mustached, cut-off jeans, unattractive: men. I want to sing that Great Naïve Protestant hymn, *"You can meet them in school, or in lanes, or at sea,/ In church, or in trains, or in shops, or at tea,/ For the saints* [read "gays"] *of God are just folk like me,"* and da-de-dum, da-de-dum, *dee*. Sure, there's kissing and nipple teasing-erect—and lesbians do seem shorter, heavier, hairier, more jerked around by fickle hormones —yet, pretty much, it's Invasion of the Body Snatchers time: to be hetero and invisible among so many thousand for whom normal sex is aberrant. Posters are witty. I admire the flash and energy: the glitzy show-biz of it. These gays haven't just a different lifestyle: they have life*style*. Figure four, maybe five miles from the Village to upper Central Park. By 59th Street I'm, well, fagged.

I'll deal off the top, full deck: I'd rather converse with your basic gay than with your basic straight, any hour of any month. Gays, on average, are more intelligent, glib, aware. I don't know which comes first—capon or egg —but they also tend to be better educated. Moreover, creative vigor issues from the anxious groin—I'm not just talking Freudian sublimation jive here, I mean *from*—and gays are super-anxious sexually. More-moreover, they live in a constant state of irony vis-à-vis heterosexual civilization. Irony will require at least the primitive mechanism for wit. What is transvestitism, say, if not burlesque? All establishmentarian forms—family, dress, deference to women—appear hostile: and hostility sharpens the survival skill. Their invert perception has made them pragmatic, functional parodists. Though gay intelligence can be contorted or obsessed, it is essentially the artist's intelligence: artists, by vocation, find themselves in an oblique, interpretative relationship to culture.

It is not, however, the relationship of black or Indian or Jew to American culture—despite what incendiary, anti-capitalist CP and SWP propaganda would have you think. Gays do not an ethnic group make. Anyhow, ethnic groups prefer at least partial assimilation. Homosexuals, by contrast, have always lived amongst us in anonymous, colloidal fashion. And capitalism treats them very well indeed. After all you

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can't discriminate against unless you can discriminate (recognize). But the latest gay intention reverses standard ethnic strategy: they want to have their ironic posture ratified by law: to secede within American society: to unassimilate themselves: a parallel culture, one that, malevolently or not, competes for acceptance. On Gay Pride Day sharp pains were taken to accommodate all those bizarre street people: cross-dressers and chemical breasts and Good Fairies. But the homosexual establishment still thinks of them as poor queer trash. GAYS DO NOT SUPPORT FAGGOTS. DON'T JUDGE US BY THE OUTRAGEOUS FEW. And yet, I reckon blue-collar workers would be more tolerant of a drag queen than of a normal-seeming gay longshoreman. Invisibility is uncouth, voyeurism: ambushes are presumed. My children would not likely choose a gay teacher who wore pantyhose and mascara for their role model. But a jock gay football coach might well seduce.

I DOUBT IF GAYS realize just how marvelously loathsome—at sweetbread level—they are to less sophisticated Americans. Shall we not palter: anal intercourse is so abhorrent, so unnatural—the equivalent of eating feces, in lower middle class popular conception—that it seems a health hazard, like rat-dirted restaurants, and never mind morality. Unclean: abominable: you wouldn't even want to shake hands. (Surely one reason why lesbian lib has gotten a gentler press.) Ironically for our ironists, as the gay movement revs up, it will infringe yet further on public sensibility and attention. In justifying themselves they will appear to recruit; and Anita Bryant, for all her Save Our Children hysteria, comes up smelling of orange blossoms, prophetic.

The Dade County referendum was a positive event. It indicated to more practical gays that, twenty thousand on Fifth Avenue or not, they don't have sympathetic numbers enough. That only the most secure liberal politician can afford to be photographed arm-in-arm with even a good fairy. I think—and I don't mean this unkindly—that homosexuals and pornographers have congruent legal status. The Supreme Court decision on pornography is pertinent here. Not that homosexuals should ever be liable to prosecution for a private and consenting act, but that gay civil rights are the business of each discrete American community. Federal legitimization would establish grim precedents. (The Dade law prohibited discrimination against *any* sexual habit.) Feature having to hire overt S&Mers, flashers, prostitutes, coprophages. Your personnel department would look like an open casting call for the film version of Havelock Ellis.

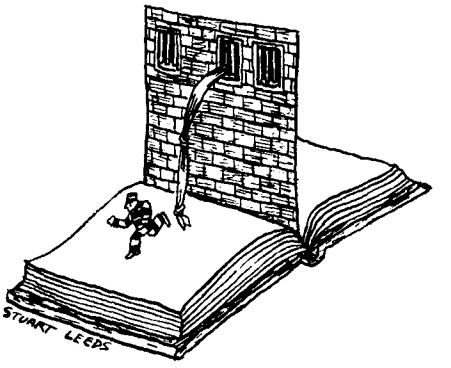
One young Catholic homosexual told me, "Three years. If we don't get gay rights in New York by then, there'll be violence in the streets." No. I think not. Homosexuals, their Dade County anger notwithstanding, have too much equity in America's status quo. Only the mad or the desperate commit group violence. And only gay street folk—snubbed by their straight gay brothers and sisters—are desperate enough. Of course, gays could go on strike. I hate to think about that. After three days there wouldn't be a permanent wave left in the nation. And after one week we'd have more black roots than Alex Haley. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

SCHUBERT'S SONGS: *A Biographical Study, by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Knopf, 333 pp., $12.50).* As the world's foremost baritone, the most subtle interpreter of Schubert's *Lieder*, and the scholar-musicologist who edited and sang for the first time many of the 608 songs, Fischer-Dieskau could hardly have failed to give us the most searching and rewarding study of Schubert's incomparable masterpiece. Perhaps it was too much to hope that this would also prove to be the definitive book about a composer whose enthusiasts have not treated him well. Unfortunately Fischer-Dieskau has nothing to say about Schubert's almost invariable failure to realize the full potential of music in larger formats, nor is he quite frank in acknowledging the great composer's lack of literary discrimination, for Schubert, as was said later of Rossini, was quite capable of turning a laundry list into song. "It is rather surprising," Fischer-Dieskau says, "that no one has pointed out the close connection between Wagner and Schubert." This is not fair to writers like R. W. Gutman and W. A. Ellis, who have pointed out Wagner's enormous debt to innovative songs like "Erlkönig" and "Doppelgänger" and to the revolutionary harmonies of the posthumous B-flat Sonata.

SELDEN RODMAN

COMA, *by Robin Cook (Little, Brown, 306 pp., $8.95).* In his second book, Dr. Robin Cook, an ophthalmic surgeon and instructor at Harvard Medical School, writes convincingly, compellingly, of a black market in human organs. Having concluded that he could turn out a best-seller by "dissecting" dozens of suspense and mystery novels, Cook has quite methodically packed his own novel with other authors' tricks, and sometimes the formulaic quality de-



tracts from the book's quickening excitement. But by and large this is a horror story of the first order, made to be a movie—one is already in the works, under the direction of Michael Crichton (*Andromeda Strain*)—and it strikes to the core of many people's queasiness about the current debate as to when death occurs. Karen Anne Quinlan's heart beats, but her brain is dead; how many other such cases are there, unknown to most of us, and might doctors even *create* such situations in order to get at the comatose patients' organs? Cook compresses his action into three days in the life of a young medical student, a woman who uncovers a higher than expected rate of brain death at "Boston Memorial Hospital" and pursues her leads until she comes upon an horrendous medical enterprise. In his final "Author's Note," Dr. Cook makes plain his own antagonism to what he calls the legal-medical "mumbo-jumbo whose origins lie in the dark ages of English law" and his preference for the "noble use" of healthy organs. But *Coma*, a corker of a novel, will do little to advance that cause; it will rather—in addition to giving anyone who picks it up a splendid read—make a lot of jittery folks more than a little more apprehensive about the medical profession in general, and surgical procedures in particular.

DAVID BRUDNOY

ALICE'S WORLD, *The Life and Photography of an American Original: Alice Austen, 1866-1952, by Ann Novotny (Chatham Press, 224 pp., $22.50).* For anyone who has ever had to teach Ameri-

(Continues on page 901)

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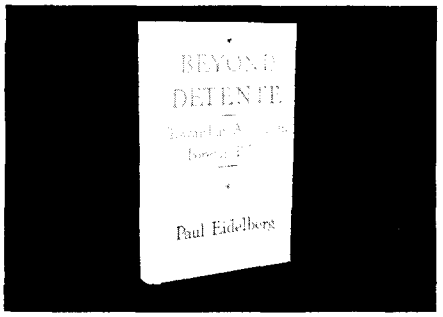

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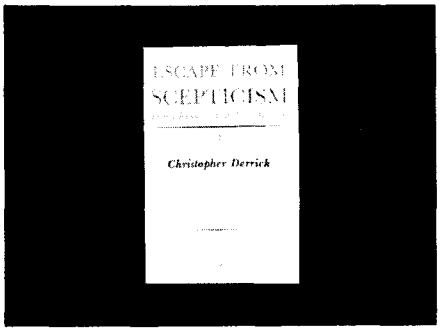

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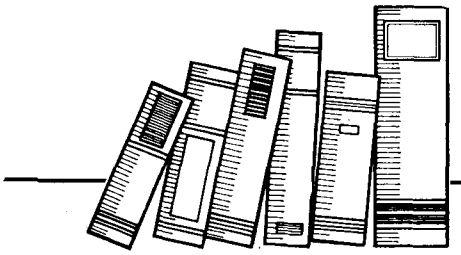

Dark Horses

WITH CUBA, Panama, Brazil, and other Latin nations so often in the news, it is good to have some solid background on what is happening down there. *Castroism and Communism in Latin America* (American Enterprise Institute–Hoover Institution, Stanford, Calif. 94305; $4), by William E. Ratliff, provides it.

As Latin American editor of the *Yearbook on International Communist Affairs*, Ratliff has encyclopedic knowledge of his subject, and uses it to good advantage in this study. He provides a panoramic vision of the swarming Marxist cadres creating havoc in the hemisphere, their strategies for gaining power, and the squabbles that divide them.

As Ratliff tells it, there are three major sorts of Communist typhus at work across the southern continent: the Moscow brand, which dominates the Communist parties of nearly all the Latin nations (and to which Castro these days is closely bound); the Maoist brand, now waning in its influence, which seeks to set up more militant rivals to the Soviets; and the Trotsky-Castroites, who take their cues from Che Guevara and try to energize the masses through heuristic forays into violence.

It is the last-named group that has reaped the headlines in recent years through a relentless campaign of kidnapping, murder, and other acts of terror; yet, despite the miseries they inflict, these zealots are probably not the major long-term problem. Such ultras as the Tupamaros and the Movement of the Revolutionary Left have coexisted uneasily with Moscow-Havana Communists as in Allende's Chile, but in general their *foco* tactics are viewed by orthodox CPers as dangerous adventurism under present circumstances.

As North Americans are well aware, the violence of the focoists has erupted in our own society as well. Such groups as the Weather Underground, the Symbionese Liberation Army, and the New World Liberation Front receive their doctrines, essentially, from Latin sources. The usual totems are the dead Guevara, his acolyte Debray, and the Brazilian Marighella. Both the SLA and the Weather Underground, for instance, have made much of *Revolution in the Revolution?* and the *Minimanual of the Urban Guerrilla*, and preened themselves with Latin furbelows.

If you're wondering how such alien notions spread and flourish in the United States, consider a book called *Urban Guerrilla Warfare in Latin America* (MIT Press, $4.95), by James Kohl and John Litt. Here a major university press serves up a sympathetic—not to say fawning—portrayal of the Tupamaros, Marighella, and other Latin terrorists. The book is a mirror image of Ratliff's, covering the same terrain but with the attitudes transposed. It provides a glimpse into the terrorist mind-set—if one remembers that the authors are on the other side.

CASTRO, FOR HIS PART, has aided terrorist groups when he has been able, backed invasions and insurrections, and voiced his sympathy for the ultra-leftists. Yet his economic dependence on Moscow has pulled him into the orthodox Communist orbit, where he plays a central role in the Soviet design for more effective conquest. The nature of this role is well described by Isaac Don Levine in *Hands Off the Panama Canal* (Monticello Books, 1735 DeSales St., Washington, D.C. 20036; $1.50).

This lucid little volume traces the progress of Castro's Cuba from lonely revolutionary outpost to dynamic exporter of subversion, not only in Panama and elsewhere in Latin America, but also on the continent of Africa. The delinquency that made the difference, Levine suggests, was our failure to force a total Soviet pullout in 1962, repealing by deed if not by words the historic sanction of the Monroe Doctrine. A cogent demonstration of the fact that weakness in dealing with the Communists invariably invites defeat.

—M. STANTON EVANS

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LYNCH
(Continued from page 887)

the "sullying" of the "spotless Host by human hands." There is nothing unholy about the fingers of a baptized Christian. There is nothing inhuman about the hands of an ordained priest—or of the fully human Christ, for that matter. The early Church gave the Eucharist to lay persons to take home. The rubrics Mr. W parades for us are traceable to a late tendency to go in for regulations redolent of pagan taboos. I readily grant that their motivation is necessary reverence for the Real Presence, and that elimination of some of these rules is occasionally abused. As I have insisted, non-correction of such offenses is a key factor in our present malaise. However, Mr. W's *minutiae* are the opposite extreme of these abuses. The glorified Christ is not harmed or insulted when people do what He told them to do: "Take and eat . . . Take and drink." Scrupulosity and pharisaical legalism are foreign to the New Covenant.

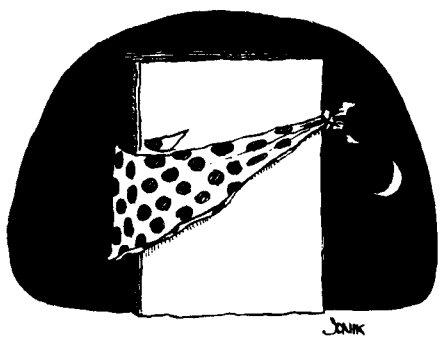
Mr. W's Ecumenophobia

Mr. W subliminally implies that virtually everything about the post-Tridentine and pre-Vatican II phase of the Church is essential to Catholicism and that the human element in the Church's leadership has become prone to major policy errors only since the latter Council. Great things occurred during the post-Tridentine period. As well as before. And after. Mistakes, some of them serious, have been made since the post-Tridentine era ended. As well as before it. And during it.

I regret Mr. W's ecumenophobia and his failure to distinguish salutary development from creeping heterodoxy. I rejoice in his making clear how deeply he cares about the Church and about belief. And I find limited areas of agreement on the issues he raises. I pray that he, and all who think like him, will, consistently applying the principle of divine guidance of the Church, open themselves to distinguishing the rightness and the beauty of that which God's Spirit has effected. And join with their more moderate yet orthodox Catholic brethren and—yes—their non-Catholic brethren to combat the genuine evils which threaten us all, and to advance the Kingdom of God. □

BRIEFS
(Continued from page 899)

can history, photography is a personal friend of very real, if not easily specified, value. Consider only the story of the Presidency. I doubt that anyone would sharply challenge my contention that George Washington, with all respect to that truly great man, somehow just fails to come alive for most of us in quite the same way that, say, Abraham Lincoln or even Ulysses Grant does. But how many of us recognize that, whatever other reasons there may be, much of this is owing to the simple fact that we do not possess a single photograph of our first President? The introduction of photography in the nineteenth century added to our history a dimension of near first-hand realism. And rarely has the service photography has given historiography been more evident than in the work of the late Alice Austen. Better than 170 photographs from a surviving total of some four thousand taken by Miss Austen are reproduced in this biography. Her evident artistry aside, what she recorded with her camera beginning nearly a century ago was what we today call "social history" (though like her contemporaries she would have found that term pretentious); her patient, careful work with her primitive, bulky camera has preserved for us a treasure trove of late nineteenth century Americana, especially from the then-fashionable world of Staten Island. As Paul Vanderbilt, one-time curator of photographs at the Library of Con-



gress, remarked, "She provided the best connected photographic story of the elegant family life of the Eighties and Nineties that I have ever seen." Just as interesting and revealing of nineteenth century life are her photographs of the immigrants on the streets of lower Manhattan, which are happily free of any ideologically based preoccupation with social injustice or tendentious design to provoke indignant concern for the downtrodden. Indeed, her immigrant subjects don't look at all downtrodden. Rather, one is left, after viewing them, with a singular impression of their curiosity, self-assurance, and joy in life.

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

[MILTON] FRIEDMAN:

Inflation—A Hidden Tax

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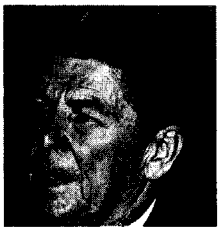
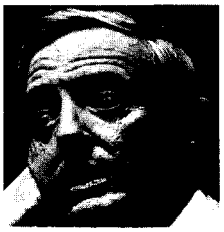


Ronald Reagan

William Simon



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WM. F. BUCKLEY JR.

Are We All Conservatives Now?

On The Right

New York, July 20—The minority leader of the Assembly of the State of New York, the estimable Perry B. Duryea, has addressed individually presidents of corporations, large and small, doing business in New York, asking their help in setting up priorities for legislative reform. Clearly the counter-revolution is at hand when an ambitious politician feels he can write letters to corporation presidents soliciting their advice without hazard to life and limb. Traditionally, in politics, corporation presidents are acknowledged by politicians only to denounce them, or to solicit campaign contributions from them. Mr. Duryea is onto the new line. Because unless they pass a constitutional amendment making it illegal to leave one state for the purpose of doing business in another state, mobile companies and the people who run them are going to react to economic pressures, and in these, Mr. Duryea points out ruefully, New York State excels.

He begins with a few direct statements. New Yorkers have been told "that job losses have been stemmed when, in fact, 162,000 private sector jobs have been lost in the past two years."

"We are told that New York State's problem is a regional one, and that jobs throughout the Northeast are fleeing to the Sunbelt. But 55 per cent of the manufacturing jobs which have left this state settled just across our borders in adjacent states.

"We are told that we have turned the tide on state spending, yet welfare reform is stalled and spending by the state's own bureaucracy is up 9 per cent for this current year.

"The fact is that New York's problem is just that: a New York problem."

He then gives the comparative figures: New York's corporate tax rate is 10 to 12 per cent; its income tax rate on a $50,000 salary is 9 per cent; its highest personal income tax rate is 15 per cent. Compare New Jersey at respectively 7.5 per cent, 2.3 per cent, and 2.5 per cent; Pennsylvania at 9.5 per cent, 2 per cent, and 2 per cent; and Connecticut at 10 per cent, 0 per cent, and 0 per cent.

Last week Senator Moynihan delivered an impressive speech on the economic problems in New York, lodging the blame substantially on the economic drain going out from New York to Washington. But he alluded to other problems, and cited events during the preceding week:

"The week began with a major revelation by New York City's Comptroller's office that while New York spends $500 a year more than most major American cities for each public school student, most of the extra money goes to administrators, and the City is actually spending 'substantially less' than the national average on instruction. In that report we also learned that only 71 per cent of all high school students in New York City attended school on any given day during 1976. For Cleveland the proportion was 96 per cent.

"On Monday, the Temporary Commission on City Finances reported that inefficiency in the administration of Medicaid costs the city $400 million a year. . . ."

Senator Moynihan then reminded us that New York has for many years now been governed by the Good Government guys. "The week's scandals which I have related are without exception the scandals of Good Government, just as, for years now, the administrations in New York City, most of our other cities, and in our state have been 'reform' administrations. We suffer less from bad government than from what Walter Lippmann called 'the sickness of overgovernment.'"

Here is a brand new highbrow Democratic senator, and the Republican leader of the State Assembly, saying—almost exactly the same thing the Democratic governor said a few weeks ago when facing the welfare lobbies: "Look. If the people who provide the surplus leave the state, there isn't going to *be* any surplus. Can't you understand that?"

Conservatives have been saying all this for years. □

RACIAL QUOTAS AT MED SCHOOL

New York, July 18—The *New York Times* recently published an editorial endorsement of the reverse discrimination that caused the rejection of Allan Bakke by the medical school of the University of California at Davis. Two weeks later, the *New York Times* turned over the whole of its editorial page to spirited discussions of that stand, introduced by an editorial statement that, by a ratio of 15 to 1, the *Times*' readers had rejected the *Times*' logic. That is a very heavy majority, the more so in the light of the ideological predisposition of the *Times*' readers. Although there will always be those who say that to side with Bakke is to take a racist position, such folk sound like Andy Young. One of the writers protesting the *Times*' editorial proudly identifies himself as president of the American Jewish Committee.

It is a pity that practically everything one does these days ends up requiring validation by the Supreme Court of the United States. The many problems of the black Americans, for the most part problems brought on by the wretched circumstances of their background, are best handled by the myriad decisions reached in a million situations every day, by a people who have shown

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themselves, on the whole, disposed to help the Negro people. These are acts of noblesse oblige, but they shatter when reduced to writing, let alone to law. The employer who surveys the application forms of a half-dozen candidates for an opening and quietly gives the advantage to the black candidate is, in my opinion, doing the right thing. But what he did could not stand the test of universalization. You could not take that discreet preferment and write legislation about it; ordaining it, as the people at the University of California in effect did, as the Act of Reverse Discrimination Designed to Atone for White Men's Oppressions during Four Centuries. Everything desirable drains out of the deed with the crystallization of it.

The *New York Times* actually argues that there are only "racial solutions" to "racial problems." That venture in homeopathy is extremely dangerous, as one correspondent pointed out. "It is not true, for example, that if a policy or practice is infused with madness, then the solution must be, too, in some degree. Nor is it true that if a problem is fueled by bigotry, then the solution must be. Often a problem should be treated by its opposite; a program of malnutrition should be countered with a program of nutrition, one of ignorance with knowledge, and that is the case here."

The Supreme Court is undoubtedly writhing with the problem of how to justify the University of California's policies on grounds other than racial. The admissions board, by frankly acknowledging the racial quota, did not make it easy for the Court. But legislation could be adopted, and the Court might adumbrate the desirability of such legislation (though it is not technically a matter of the Court's concern), authorizing the establishment of two or three medical schools at which students would be bound—even as students at West Point are bound to spend time in the army—to spend time in the ghettos. It is true that there are not enough doctors in the black ghettos, and it is an ideologically neutral observation that black doctors are likelier to reside in the ghettos than white doctors. Thus, the special medical schools could provide special opportunities for young blacks seeking medical training, on perfectly defensible justification, namely a specific, well-defined need. Those who thereafter complained that white ghettos should also receive attention would be easily appeased—there would be no reason to limit the applications to the special ghetto-oriented medical schools to black applicants. □

THE WAR BETWEEN THE STATES

New York, July 14 —In his endlessly heuristic speech of June 27, Senator Moynihan included the following passage:

"The United States Army today is trained almost exclusively to fight a war in Nicaragua, which is to say from training camps in the balmier regions of the Old South. I honor the Marines who, when tons of snow fell in upstate New York last winter, were discovered to have a few companies at Fort Drum on winter training exercises. Similarly, I honor the great Southern congressional chairmen who served their region and this nation so well in sustaining the Armed Forces in an earlier period of isolationist clamor. But the time has come to introduce our soldiery to the thought that in many parts of the world it frequently freezes and sometimes snows."

The levity in tone sustains the passage, which went, perhaps understandably, unnoticed in the coverage of Mr. Moynihan's speech. But coupled with a preceding passage—in which Senator Moynihan, without saying so in exactly as many words, nevertheless unmistakably asked for protection for New York's garment workers—it gives us an insight into what, really, is going on. A war between the states.

"In the period from fiscal year 1968 to fiscal year 1976 California veterans have received $3.17 billion in GI bill payments, while New York veterans have received only $1.12 billion. One might ask whether in this respect this is a direct, if unintended, policy of the Federal Government to make veterans feel that New York is not a good place to settle down."

It doesn't, as it happens, take very long to penetrate the insinuation. For one thing, only 63 per cent as many New Yorkers went into the Vietnam War as Californians. For another, more out-of-staters go to California for college training than to New York.

But what is important is that Senator Moynihan should be using arguments of this character, everything from asking for protective tariffs for New York workers, to suggesting that we move our infantry divisions up from warm climates to cold climates: all of it to achieve a higher return on the tax dollar. All of it, one might add, at the expense of other states.

But other states are bound to catch on. Granted, it is a wonder they have not already done so. In 1973, in a small book (favorably reviewed by then-Ambassador Moynihan in the *New York Times*), I pointed out that there were 19 states in the union whose average per capita income was less than the national average, so that any attempt at economic redistribution had as its implicit purpose helping 19 specified states at the expense of 31 wealthier states. What happened, of course, is that the ideologues discovered it was easier to vote social welfare programs through Washington than through state capitals. Accordingly, states like New York (first in wealth) and California (ninth in wealth) began running money from their citizens, through Washington, back to themselves. But logic quickly advises us that this will only work for so long as the elected representatives of other states are fast asleep in Washington, unaware of real economic movements. "For years," said Mr. Moynihan, "New York has unhesitatingly supported national programs which involve taking out of our private sector one dollar in order to return eleven cents to our public sector. It is not good economics."

BUT NOW Senator Moynihan wants Washington to support New York's subways, and to nationalize Central Park. Sure. He is asking back from Washington (he would explain) some of the money New York has been sending to Washington. But the way to avoid these round-trip dollars, and cut down on the furious extravagance of government, is to end the hallucination: to cut Washington out of the picture. Which is why I say yet again that the evidence continues to mount in favor of generic reform: Congress should appropriate funds for social welfare only for the benefit of those states whose per capita income is below the national average. □

(Washington Star Syndicate, Inc.)

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Trans-O-Gram

By SVEND PETERSEN

DEFINITIONS

A. Deeply *reverential*
13 34 84 114 43

B. One of a quintet that became a quartet, then a trio
21 52 169 143 175

C. Not to be omitted
32 53 134 86 154 163 116 76 167

D. A style of musical composition in which two or more independent but organically related voice parts sound against one another
140 54 87 99 199 164 135 66 182

E. Something common to a piano and a typewriter
31 217 204 88 170 129 136 15

F. *Printing done from a plate in which the image is sunk below the surface*
44 70 16 190 67 151 130 186

G. Italian statesman (1868-1953)
60 178 37 58 202

H. Modern instrumental compositions free in their character and number of movements
77 2 59 108 29 40 69 107 71 201

I. Counterfeit
4 8 36 56 79 91 97 18 46

J. STINT LAURA
124 93 111 119 33 25 42 6 10 72

K. Orpheus' wife
137 19 68 89 81 112 5 223

L. A disorder of the psychic or mental constitution
155 226 9 184 65 7 180 92

M. ___ life if you don't weaken (according to Marx)
197 11 20 215 191 38 78 132 118

N. What the Children's Crusade was
26 45 55 100 62 113 109 104 123 153 160 188 203

O. An island in the Aegean Sea
12 17 212 48 75

P. Somewhat slow
64 39 196 192 174 145 121 138 133

Q. One might enjoy a musical play from this
82 28 156 207 198 94 122 218

R. An operatic coloratura soprano (1843-1919)
209 200 125 147 90

S. Radical
23 146 166 211 126 102 41 3 177

T. This may describe both a pencil and what is written with it
50 152 96 161

U. *Unlucky*
57 144 150 120 157 30 83 35 63 159

V. What soldiers can't fight effectively without
85 1 24 74 80 210 61 95 158 131

W. He hit 511 home runs in the big leagues
101 98 117

X. Something in which to grow plants
205 216 103 22 187 127 219 139 165

Y. Movie star, born in Brooklyn, 1892
73 168 220 47 105 27 128

Z. One who charges exorbitant interest
106 176 171 221 141 49

a. Prolonged
110 148 51 181 193 224 195 213 183

b. Something that deceives or misleads intellectually
162 115 189 214 172 222 194 14

c. More dear
225 206 208 185 179 149 173 142

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill out the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their DEFINITIONS, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled out it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the WORDS have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 902 for Solution to last Trans-O-Gram.

1 V	2 H	3 S	4 I	5 K		6 J	7 L		8 I	9 L	10 J	11 M	12 O		13 A	14 b	15 E		16 F
17 O	18 I	19 K	20 M	21 B		22 X	23 S		24 V	25 J	26 N		27 Y	28 Q	29 H	30 U	31 E		32 C
33 J		34 A	35 U	36 I	37 G	38 M		39 P		40 H	41 S	42 J	43 A	44 F	45 N	46 I		47 Y	48 O
49 Z	50 T	51 a		52 B	53 C	54 D	55 N	56 I		57 U	58 G		59 H	60 G		61 V	62 N	63 U	
64 P	65 L	66 D	67 F		68 K	69 H	70 F		71 H	72 J		73 Y	74 V	75 O	76 C		77 H	78 M	79 I
80 V	81 K		82 Q	83 U		84 A	85 V	86 C	87 D		88 E	89 K		90 R	91 I	92 L		93 J	94 Q
95 V	96 T	97 I	98 W	99 D		100N	101W		102S	103X	104N	105Y		106Z	107H		108H	109N	
110a	111J	112K	113N	114A	115b	116C	117W	118M		119J	120U		121P	122Q		123N	124J	125R	126S
127X	128Y	129E	130F	131V		132M	133P		134C	135D	136E	137K		138P	139X		140D	141Z	142c
143B	144U	145P	146S		147R	148a		149c	150U	151F	152T	153N	154C	155L	156Q		157U	158V	
159U	160N	161T	162b	163C	164D	165X		166S	167C		168Y	169B	170E	171Z	172b	173c		174P	175B
176Z	177S	178G	179c	180L	181a	182D		183a	184L		185c	186F		187X	188N	189b	190F	191M	192P
193a		194b	195a	196P		197M	198Q	199D	200R	201H	202G	203N	204E		205X	206c	207Q		208c
209R	210V	211S	212Q	213a	214b	215M	216X		217E	218Q	219X	220Y	221Z	222b	223K	224a	225c	226L	

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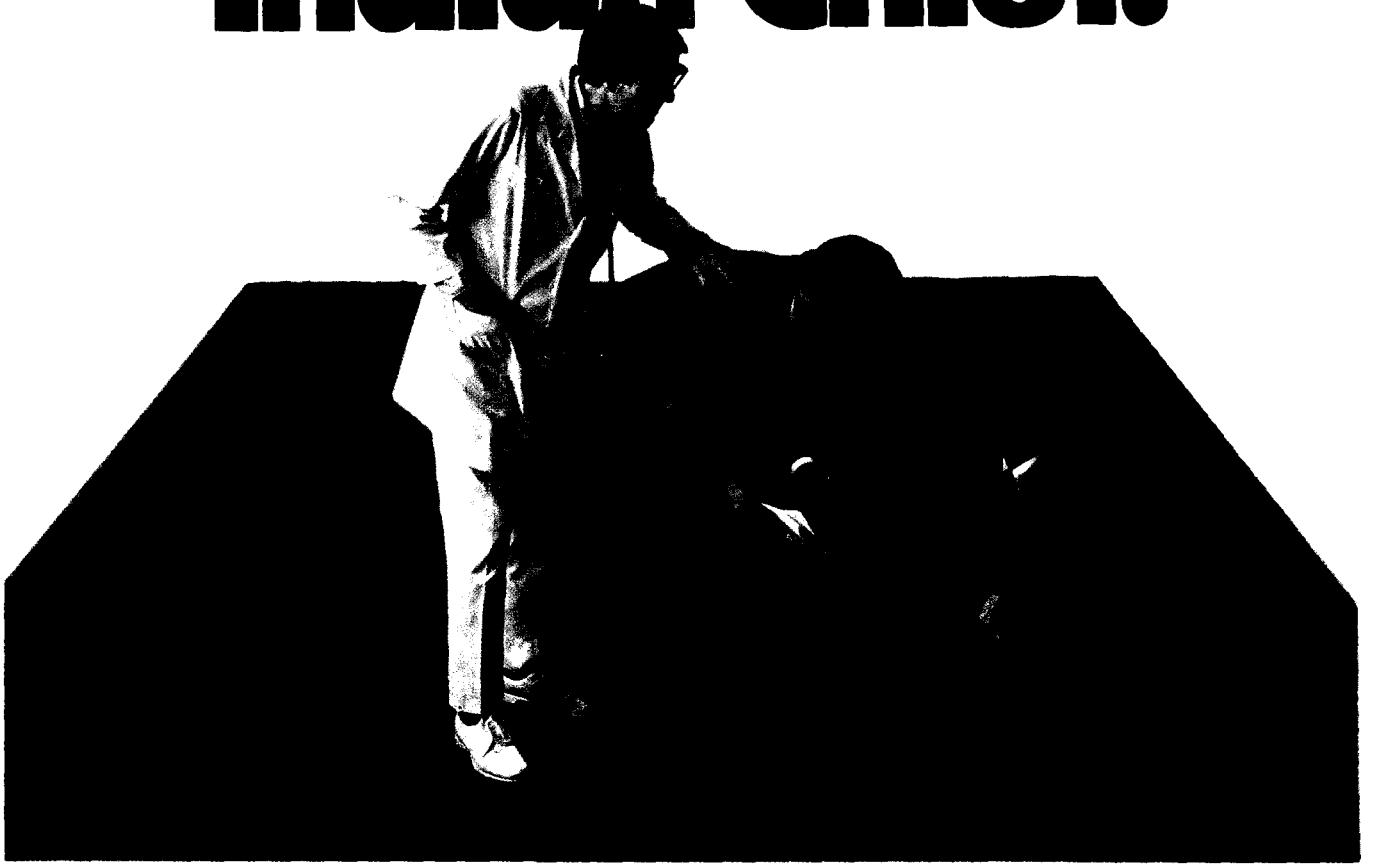
Doctor, Lawyer, Indian Chief.



You enjoy Milliken carpeting at home. Why not enjoy it in your office, too?

Patients. Clients. Customers. They have one thing in common. They all want to be reassured. And the understated elegance of Milliken business carpeting like this can do a lot to inspire confidence. And to make your office life more beautiful, too.

With Milliken you can have just the look you want—your favorite colors in rich pile in solids, or patterns. Simple, or ornate. Traditional, or modern.

And when you choose business carpeting by Milliken, you get more than the look of luxury. You get down-to-earth practicality, too, at a price you can afford.

Made with today's leading no-nonsense synthetics, carpeting like this combines extraordinary long wear with easy care. It stands up to heavy traffic year after year with a resilience that's built-in, a soil-resistance that can't be beat.

A distinguished way to decorate, Milliken business carpeting is also a smart business investment. If you value a good appearance and if you value value, see your Milliken dealer soon.

MILLIKEN
CARPETS
The good life at your feet.
LaGrange, Ga. 30240.

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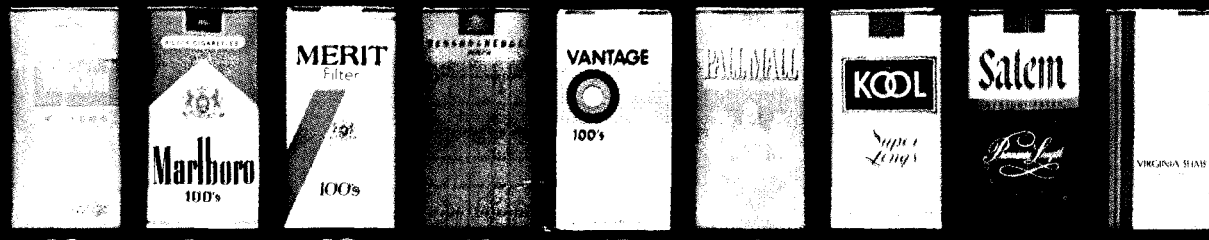
100's smokers:

Why smoke this much tar to get good taste?



19 MG TAR 1.2 MG NIC | 18 MG TAR 1.1 MG NIC | 12 MG TAR 0.9 MG NIC | 18 MG TAR 1.0 MG NIC | 11 MG TAR 0.9 MG NIC | 19 MG TAR 1.4 MG NIC | 18 MG TAR 1.1 MG NIC | 18 MG TAR 1.2 MG NIC | 16 MG TAR 0.9 MG NIC

Only 10 mg tar

New Kent Golden Lights 100's.

Taste so good you won't believe the numbers.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Of All Brands Sold: Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. "tar," 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec. 1976. **Kent Golden Lights 100's Regular and Menthol:** 10 mg. "tar," 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

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